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GEORGE ST. GEORGE JULIAN,—THE PRINCE.

PART II.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE CONFUSES THE FACULTIES OF THREE INDIVIDUALS AT ONCE.

For the first three days after George's departure from the cottage, the curate's alarm was in some measure counteracted by the hope that the operation of the atmosphere upon the writing would effect no material change; but on the fourth day that hope completely vanished. The ink became so pale, and he was so apprehensive of its being supposed that he had tampered with it himself, that he at once called in Mr. Whomp the churchwarden, and Mr. Swiggles the parish clerk, that they also might witness the change, and bear testimony to its gradual progress.

These gentlemen were decidedly two of the most important individuals in the village; for, independently of being the churchwarden, Mr. Whomp was a miller, who enjoyed the reputation of having made a mint of money; while Swiggles, besides being clerk of the parish, was a constable, a schoolmaster, an accountant, and a statesman of no ordinary eloquence and depth.

On these two individuals being summoned, the curate with an air of the most intense mystery explained to them not only all he knew, but all he had heard, all he had dreamt of, and all he could suspect, and having brought this mysterious explanation to an end, he solemnly called upon them both to watch with him, which they both very readily consented to do.

Swiggles, however at the same time, wished it to be distinctly understood, that he was perfectly prepared to contend for its being completely and unequivocally impossible for writing to be removed from any document whatever,

except by the legitimate and time-honored process of scratching it out with a penknife.

'It isn't in nature,' he added; 'because the nature of ink is to sink, while the nature of paper is to suck; and therefore, when the ink is sunk into the paper, and the paper has sucked up the ink, it isn't to be removed if it isn't scratched out, and if it is scratched out, I can see it in an instant, because the paper in that individual spot must be of necessity thinner—don't you see?'

'I hope you are correct,' replied the curate, 'with all my heart; but I am informed that there are means of discharging the ink without having recourse to the knife.'

'Impossible, sir—altogether impossible! How can it be done?'

'By some chemical process, I am told.'

'It cannot be, sir—it cannot by any means be. I must have heard of it if it could. I couldn't have been teaching all these years without hearing of that—don't you see?'

'Well,' replied the curate, 'I cannot argue the point: time will show. These gentlemen have promised to convince me when they come down again, that it is to be done, and till then I can only repeat what I have been told.'

'I should like to see them do it,' returned Swiggles, incredulously; 'I should only just like to see them do it—that's all.'

During this colloquy Whomp was quite silent; he scratched his ear with violence, as he invariably did whenever anything happened to amaze him, but he uttered no word; he assented to every thing advanced by a nod, and thus performed what he conceived to be his duty.

The book was now constantly watched, and

as the ink grew paler and paler still, it was considered expedient at the end of the fifth day to let George know what change had taken place. The curate accordingly wrote to the effect that the name of Bristowe was scarcely perceptible, which so delighted George that he and Fred started off by the first coach.

On their return to the cottage, they found the curate and his friend, the churchwarden listening with great attention to Mr. Swiggles, who had come prepared to prove to demonstration, that as paper absorbed ink, ink could not be removed without the removal of that portion of the paper which had accomplished the act of absorption; but the moment George entered, Mr. Swiggles became mute, and simply bowed as the curate introduced him.

The book was then examined, and George expressed himself satisfied with the alteration that had taken place, and when the curate explained to him the progress of the change with the view of inspiring him with wonder, he merely observed that it was precisely what he expected.

'But when I first had the pleasure of seeing you,' said the curate, 'you were saying that ink could with ease be removed without the removal of any portion of the paper. This gentleman,' he added, pointing to Mr. Swiggles, 'is somewhat incredulous upon that point.'

'I am,' said Mr. Swiggles. 'I've been a schoolmaster, sir, for nigh four-and-thirty years, and I never in the whole course of my experience heard of ink being removed by any other process than that of scratching out.'

'That is very probable,' returned George, smiling. 'I believe your assertion to be perfectly correct.'

'Of course it is!' exclaimed Mr. Swiggles, addressing the curate with an air of triumph. 'Of course! Didn't I say so?'

'But,' continued George, 'although you may not have heard of ink being removed by any other process, it does not, I apprehend, follow that the thing is impracticable!'

'But, sir, I'll venture to say that I'm prepared to contend for its impracticability and—'

'Pardon me,' said George, interrupting the little man. 'I may contend that a windmill is bread; but I submit that I shall not thus establish my position: I promised, sir,' he added, addressing the curate, 'to prove to you that that which I suspect has been done in this case can be done with the utmost ease; I have come quite prepared to perform that promise, and I have no doubt whatever of being able at the same time to convince this gentleman that there are more things in the world than even he ever heard of. Will you favor me with any kind of document, an account-book, or any thing of that sort?'

'Will a letter do?' inquired Mr. Swiggles.

'O yes! a letter will do equally well.'

Mr. Swiggles produced a letter of rather an ancient date, the ink upon which was extremely black, and appeared to have been ingeniously established with the wrong end of the pen.

'You are determined,' said George, 'that the test shall be effectual?'

Swiggles made no reply, but winked with great significance both at the curate and at Whomp, the churchwarden, for he potently believed, not only that George had undertaken to do that which was impossible, but that—even assuming it to be possible with very pale ink—with a letter like that, the ink being so intense, and so well daubed on, he must fail.

George, however, requested the curate to order some boiling water and a dish, and when these were produced, he placed the letter upon the dish, and having strewed a certain white powder over it, applied the boiling water, when, in an instant, as if by magic, the ink turned red!

Mr. Swiggles looked at him, and then at his friends with an aspect of utter amazement; and while the curate seemed to be absolutely frightened, the churchwarden grinned and rubbed up his ear with all the energy at his command.

'I'm astonished!' cried the curate.

'What will this world come to?' exclaimed the churchwarden. 'It's enough to raise the dead from the grave!'

Mr. Swiggles said nothing. His mouth, hands, and eyes, were wide open, and he really appeared to be breathless.

'Watch it,' cried George; and the color changed to a pink. 'Continue to watch it,' he added; and the ink became gradually paler and paler, until at length it was perfectly imperceptible.—There was nothing before them but a sheet of white paper: no line, no trace of any writing could be seen: it was in short, a perfect blank.

'Wonderful!' cried the astonished curate.

'Oh, the world knows too much!' said the churchwarden, gravely,—'the world knows too much.'

'I couldn't have believed it!' exclaimed Mr. Swiggles. 'I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes!'

George removed the sheet of paper from the dish, and having washed it in clear cold water, hung it upon the back of a chair.

'Now,' said he, 'gentlemen, having shown you that ink can be erased without having recourse to a penknife, I will presently show you that it is to be restored.'

'What!' exclaimed Mr. Swiggles, 'do you mean to say it's possible to bring the writing back?'

'It shall presently appear upon that sheet of paper as it was before, precisely, blots and all.'

'It's enough, sir,' exclaimed the churchwarden, 'to make the wild beasts leave their dens.'

'But while the paper is drying,' resumed George, 'I'll explain how I conceive the name of Bristowe was substituted for that of Broadbridge in the register. In the first place, the book was by some means or other, taken away.'

'That's the mystery,' cried the curate. 'How could they have got at it?—how could it have been done, when it has always been locked up carefully, while the key of the box has never been out of my possession?'

'It could not have been done here,' continued George; 'nor could it have been done at the

church; it must have taken some considerable time to accomplish, for after the ink had been discharged as you have seen, the paper must have been gradually dried, and not only dried, but prepared to receive the fresh ink; for were I now to attempt to write upon that sheet of paper in its present state, the ink would run completely over it. The process which you witnessed, the gradual drying and subsequent preparation of the paper, must therefore have occupied several hours; and that the thing was effected in the way I have described, I think there can be no doubt.

'Then it must have been taken away,' cried the curate. 'But how?—how could they have got it?—and what will be the consequence? To me it may be dreadful.'

'I think you need be under no apprehension,' said George. 'The matter shall be settled privately, if possible. With your assistance, I hope we shall be able to manage that.'

The expression of this hope caused the curate to feel somewhat relieved. He was, however, still apprehensive that a strictly private settlement would be impossible, and entered into a long explanation of what a shocking thing it would be if his name were to be brought before the public, in connexion with an act so desperately wicked.

To this explanation, notwithstanding its manifest importance, Mr Swiggles paid but very slight attention indeed. His whole soul seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the blank sheet of paper before him,—while his impatience to see the writing restored, the possibility of which he still scarcely believed, was truly painful.

George did not, however, keep him long in suspense: the paper was soon sufficiently dry for the purpose, and when it became so, he placed it upon the table, and having produced a small phial, poured the solution it contained over those parts of the paper upon which the writing had appeared. Having done this, he observed that nothing more was required, and left the table, while the curate, the churchwarden, Fred and Swiggles, were watching with almost breathless anxiety, for the reappearance of the ink. For the first two minutes no signs of the restoration of the writing were perceptible, and Mr. Swiggles, in consequence, began to prepare a severe sentence, the object of which was to convey an idea to all present, of how well he knew that the thing could not be done; but just as he was about to deliver that sentence, a letter apparently sprang up to check him, and then a word, and then a line, and then several lines together; and thus the process worked until the entire letter reappeared, the writing being as perfect, and the ink, as black as before.

'Well! that bangs nature!' exclaimed the churchwarden. 'Its wonderful the world goes on at all. It's enough to make the clouds fall down from the heavens, and smother us alive.'

'You are not,' observed George to Mr. Swiggles, 'disposed to believe that the thing can be done now, I apprehend?'

'It beats all I ever heard tell of,' replied Mr. Swiggles. 'It's wizard's work!—slight of hand!

—magic! I couldn't have supposed it to be possible!'

Nor could the curate; and as for the churchwarden!—the whole of his faculties seemed to be gone!—he turned up his eyes, and dropped his hands, as if he felt that he had lived long enough. His amazement was inexpressible; at least he neither knew, nor had heard of the words which could express it; he obviously imagined that after that there was nothing more to know, and that, therefore, the world was in a perfectly fit state to be brought to an end.

Having entered into a few explanations tending to illustrate that which they had seen, George earnestly endeavored to impress upon their minds the necessity for using the utmost caution: he stated, that in order to obtain more information on the subject, it would be necessary to give direct publicity to the affair, and that although neither names nor places would be mentioned, the probability was, that as soon as the discovery became known to those concerned in this nefarious transaction, an attempt would be made to destroy or to mutilate the register; and having obtained from them a promise that under no pretence whatever should access to the book be had save in the presence of them all, he and Fred returned to town, and the next day the following advertisement appeared in the whole of the London papers:—

'FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD!'—Whereas a discovery of a singular nature has been recently made in the register of a certain parish in the county of Sussex: And whereas it is strongly suspected that an entry of the marriage of the grandfather of a person claiming to be heir-at-law of a gentleman who sometime since died intestate, has been extracted by some chemical process, and the marriage of a feigned party entered instead; the above reward will be given to any persons who will establish such facts that it may be given in evidence, in a suit at present pending, for the recovery of the property involved. The strictest secrecy may be relied on, and all personal information will be considered confidential; apply by letter, or otherwise at the office of Mr. G. St. George Julian, Old Broad Street, City.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH A POINT OF SOME DELICACY IS STARTED.

It is beyond doubt a remarkable fact, that in all matters touching the heart, the perceptive faculties of the ladies are extremely acute.—They can see pretty clearly at a glance if there be any thing morally the matter of the man, but with singular distinctness are they able to perceive when he happens to be in love.

Those, therefore, who know this quality to be one of the most distinguishing characteristics of the sex will not consider it extraordinary that Julia and Helen should perceive that Fred had been caught, notwithstanding he acted upon the suggestion of George, and did all in his power to conceal it.

His comparative silence and peculiar diffidence

while in the presence of Helen, had proclaimed the true state of the case from the first; but after the discovery detailed in the preceding chapter had been made, and he in consequence believed that he should soon be in a position to propose without the prospect of being rejected upon pecuniary grounds it became, although almost unconsciously on his part, so palpable, that Helen—who had never even hinted at the possibility of his being enamored of her—not only withheld all encouragement, but assumed a marked coldness of manner towards him, which tended not alone to afflict him, but to give pain to Julia, with whom he was a favorite, and who had heard of his warm declaration to George.

It were superfluous, probably to dwell upon the promptness of men to impart secrets to their wives, and equally superfluous would it be to describe at any considerable length the apparent impossibility of wives' keeping the secrets thus imparted: it will, therefore, perhaps, be sufficient to state here, that the possession of this secret, as a secret, was to Julia so great an annoyance, that she was constantly prompted to communicate it to Helen, which was really very natural, for although hypochondriacs and all such miserable people contend that we are naturally selfish—and as they invariably set themselves up as the standard of perfection, this can excite no surprise—even they will admit that as far as secrets are concerned, we are not disposed to be selfish at all. Julia, however, would have kept this particular secret, doubtless, had she believed it to be necessary to do so; certainly she would not have divulged it had she felt that any living creature would be thereby injured; but as she did not hold concealment to be necessary, but on the contrary, conceived that the happiness of both Helen and Fred, would be enhanced by the fact of its being made known, she embraced the very earliest opportunity that offered of bringing the matter to bear.

'Helen,' she observed, 'has Mr. Broadbridge offended you in any way, my love?'

'O dear me, no,' replied Helen, 'not at all!'

'I am glad to hear it,' rejoined Julia; 'I feared that he had perhaps unconsciously given you some offence.'

'None whatever. On the contrary, he is but too attentive.'

'Too attentive?' echoed Julia.

'I do not,' said Helen, who felt somewhat confused, 'I do not mean too attentive in any offensive sense; but merely that his attentions are too marked to allow me to feel offended.'

'Then why do you treat him so coolly, my love?'

'Do I treat him coolly?'

'Why, I may be mistaken, but it certainly appears to me that you do. Tell me, is it in consequence of his being so attentive?—Come, dear,' she added, as she perceived that Helen blushed, 'there surely is no necessity for concealing anything from me?'

'My dear Julia,' said Helen, 'I admit that, although I highly respect Mr. Broadbridge, and believe him to be an honorable and amiable person, I have of late assumed a coldness of manner

towards him for the very reason you have assigned. It may be ascribed to vanity on my part,—may, it may even appear to be ridiculous, but I have perceived, or fancied that I perceived, indications of the existence of those feelings, the growth of which it becomes me to check. It is, perhaps, very silly of me, Julia, to think so, but I have thought and do think still, that he has an object in view which I feel myself bound to discourage.'

'His object I know,' returned Julia, 'but I really cannot see in what way you are bound to discourage it.'

'You know his object?'

I do: it is to prevail upon you to become Mrs. Broadbridge at no very remote period.'

'Impossible! But how came you to know this?'

'It is a secret. However, I do not mind telling you, dear, but you must not disclose it for the world.'

'I will not.'

'Well then, some time since, he and Mr Julian had a long conversation about you. I was not present at the time, but I heard all about it the very same night. Mr. Broadbridge of course commenced it. He was particularly anxious to ascertain how long we had known you, whether you were engaged, and so on; and I believe that George entered into a brief explanation of that unfortunate affair—for men, you know, my love, are in one respect not unlike us, they will talk when they get together. Well, dear, this explanation, brief as it was, rendered you in his view an object of still greater interest than before; he lamented his poverty as if that alone forbade him to hope, and eventually promised, at the suggestion of George, that he would not urge his suit. But now that there is every prospect of his being extremely rich—for George tells me that he is almost sure of being able to establish his claim to this property—you must expect that he will very soon declare himself, Helen; for that he loves you, no doubt can exist.'

'I am very sorry for it,' said Helen.

'Sorry, dear! Why should you be sorry? Do you not like Mr. Broadbridge?'

'I do, very much: I may say that I admire him, for I do indeed admire his general character, while his manners and conversation delight me. Still am I sorry that he should have proposed to himself an object the attainment of which is so hopeless.'

'But why hopeless? He loves you, and you admit that you at least admire him. Has any one recently stolen your heart, dear?'

'No, Julia; no, my love,' replied Helen, mournfully; 'no, it is not that.'

'What on earth then can it be? Have you any doubt about his being successful in his effort to establish his claim to this property?'

'None. I believe that he will be successful; but his success would not influence me; it would not shake my resolution. Whereas, I will confess to you, that were he to fail and I were differently circumstanced, I would not reject him.'

'Why, surely, you do not allude to that unfortunate marriage?'

'It is, indeed, Julia, that to which I do allude.'

'But how can that operate against your contracting another marriage, when legally that was no marriage at all?'

'It is true I am not legally bound by that marriage, but I feel that I am bound morally notwithstanding.'

'Then do you mean to say, that you would not be justified in marrying again?'

'I should not feel justified in doing so, unless, indeed, that were to occur of which I must not even dream.'

'Oh, but,—dear me,—why, that's a very incorrect view to take of the matter.'

'It may be incorrect, but it is my view still.'

'Then you really do, in consequence of your having been led into an illegal marriage, feel yourself bound to remain single all your life?'

'Dear Julia, pray do not dwell upon the subject; you would not willingly give me pain;—you possess too kind—too good a heart to wound the feelings of any one, I know; but, indeed, dear, this is to me a painful subject, and therefore I feel that you will not pursue it.'

'I would not for the world, dear Helen,' returned Julia, 'were I not well convinced of its being essential to your happiness. It is a painful subject, I am aware, and if I loved you less I should be in proportion less disposed to renew it; but what if it were to lead you to your being really united to one who adores you—one who would cherish and love you for ever?'

'It cannot lead to that. No, Julia; when at the altar with him in whose honor I had too hastily taught my heart to confide, I did not view the ceremony as being merely legal, nor when it was ended did I feel myself bound by the law alone. The contract into which I entered was of a more awful character than that, and, although he has not performed his part of that contract—although he had really no right to perform it—I should feel no more justified in marrying again while he lives than you would feel justified in sacrificing your honor on discovering your husband's infidelity.'

'But, my dear, these cases are not at all analogous.'

'Morally, they are—legally, they may not be; but as I considered mine to be not merely a legal marriage, I cannot think that the fact of its being proved to be illegal relieves me from the solemn obligation of my vow. I did not even think about the law: I regarded it as a religious contract strictly.'

'And I am bound to respect your religious scruples; but, really, Helen, this appears to me to be a very cruel doctrine. I do not believe that you would find many disciples. I am sure that I could never agree with you, my love—the idea of your being bound to pass a life of unhappiness because you happen to have been inveigled into an illegal marriage, seems to me to be monstrous.'

'But it does not follow that I must of necessity be unhappy because I feel bound to remain single. For example, I am happy in your society ever.'

'But what is that?' rejoined Julia—'what is

the society of any woman, compared with that of an affectionate husband? O Helen! you must change your views on this subject.'

'I cannot: I feel that I never shall! But pray say no more, there's a dear!'

'Then you must promise me faithfully that you will reflect upon the matter?'

'I will; I'll promise you any thing, my love, if you spare me upon this one point.'

The compact was sealed: they kissed each other fondly. Helen still felt her resolution to be firm, but Julia believed that reflection would shake it.

PART XII.—CHAPTER XIX.

INTRODUCES A SUBJECT OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

Notwithstanding a fortnight had elapsed since the appearance of the first advertisement having reference to the register, no answer had been received. Still George continued to advertise daily: he believed that it would eventually be answered, and although he was prepared to pursue a public course if it were not, he was determined to effect a private settlement if possible, knowing the difficulties he should otherwise have to surmount.

At this period of our history, a person named Waghorn—whose father, with whom the son was in partnership, had been intimate with Bull for many years—expressed a wish to be introduced to George, having heard Bull frequently speak in high terms of his talent and general character.

A day for the introduction was accordingly fixed: they were to dine at Bull's cottage; but in order that the character of Waghorn may at once be understood, it will be correct to introduce him in the first place to the public.

The firm of Waghorn and Co. had existed as carpet-manufacturers for nearly half a century, and a highly respectable firm it was; enjoying in fact such extensive credit, and doing so large and so profitable a business that it was for many years a common observation in the trade, that the Waghorns could have fifty thousand pounds by merely holding out their hands.

At this the firm consisted of father and son, William and John Hill Waghorn; but the father, being very infirm, left the management of the business entirely to the son, who although not extravagant in his personal habits, was constantly entering into wild speculations, which plunged him into difficulties that would have appeared to almost any other man insurmountable. He struggled, however, with them most manfully, and by consummate tact kept from his father all knowledge, not only of the schemes into which he had entered, but of the losses he had thereby sustained; but as in order to accomplish this he had been compelled to raise an artificial capital, which he could then sustain only at a ruinous sacrifice, he conceived the idea of opening a number of shops in the carpet trade, supplying them with stock, and placing in them persons who might appear as principals, although in reality but his servants, and who might ac-

cept whatever bills he chose to draw on them, a perfect understanding being established between them, *sub rosa*, that he should regularly provide for such bills at maturity.

Having conceived this scheme and duly considered it in all its ramifications, he took a house in Fore-street, another in Wood-street, a third in Cheapside, a fourth in Bishopsgate-street, a fifth in Holborn, a sixth in Long-acre, a seventh in Blackfriars-road, and an eighth in the Strand, selecting them in good situations in order that by letting the upper parts of the houses he might have the shops nearly rent-free; and having fitted them up, he engaged proper persons to manage the concerns, and supplied them with goods, which he entered in his own books as *bona fide* sales, taking care of course to secure himself against every species of dishonesty.

Bold as this project may, under the circumstances, appear, the result proved successful.—Each of the establishments yielded a considerable profit, and while he had a legitimate sale for the immensely increased stock of goods which he purchased, he had that which was still more valuable to him then—the *ad libitum* accommodation of eight flourishing establishments, free of expense.

He had peculiar facilities for taking advantage of this new position; his connexions in the country were extensive, and through them he could get large quantities of bills discounted freely by the country bankers, and although, as an inducement, he gave those connexions the accommodation of one half of the money so raised, by drawing upon them at three months for that half, he could get their bills discounted easily in London, and thus realize in cash the whole of his country remittances.

This tended, moreover, to increase his trade in the provinces considerably, and as several of the houses he had established in London—and which have existed as highly respectable concerns even up to the present day—became so prosperous, that the friends of the young men whom he had appointed to manage them, paid him large sums for the stock and good will, his difficulties began to disappear, and the credit of the firm was being in consequence gradually re-established at the time of his introduction to George.

Bull was delighted with the opportunity of bringing them together; and was rather surprised that he had not done so before, more especially as they appeared to be highly pleased with each other when they met, and seemed to him to view the meeting but as a preliminary to some new speculation.

As far as George was concerned, however, this was not correct: he met Waghorn—whom he found to be a remarkably shrewd and intelligent man—with the view of passing an agreeable evening in his society, without any ulterior object whatever.

Of course they conversed upon nothing but business. Commercial matters only have power to charm essentially money-making men. It is true that George was not so exclusively wrap-

ped up in commerce as to take delight in no other subject; but Bull and Waghorn were, and hence, as a matter of courtesy to them, he touched upon subjects of business alone.

At first the bubbles of the day were the chief topic upon which they dwelt; but as this led them through the exchanges to the subject of banking, they entered into an analysis of the then existing system, it being one with which Waghorn was anxious to be more conversant than he was.

'I am frequently astonished,' he observed, when George—with whom it was a favorite topic—had explained the leading features of this system—'I am frequently astonished to see country banks, which are started by private individuals, of whom the majority are perfectly unknown, succeed to so great an extent.'

'Why, it is *prima facie* amazing,' returned George. 'But when we look below the surface, and moreover take into consideration that they do but follow the example of those who started the bank of England, and who were equally private individuals, originally constituting a strictly private company, our amazement must cease.'

'Was it, then, a strictly private company?' inquired Bull.

'Most certainly. When it was first recognized by parliament, on its being found expedient to anticipate the resources of the country, and to impose taxes for the payment of the interest, it was recognized only as a private company, or, as Bishop Burnet says in the History of his own Times—certain merchants whom parliament empowered to deal in bullion, and so on.'

'They have worked up amazingly, then,' observed Bull. 'They must have been very clever fellows, they must, to have conducted the thing on so large a scale without embarrassments.'

'They were clever fellows, and their successors have been equally clever; but as far as embarrassments are concerned, they have not been free from them. In 1696, the bank became so involved that it suspended the payment of its notes, which were at a discount of twenty per cent., while exchequer bills were at a discount of fifty. At this time, there were no notes out under twenty pounds nor were there any until 1793, when five-pound notes were issued. In 1745, too, the bank as nearly as possible stopped and saved itself *only* by paying in sixpences and shillings, and had it not been for an order in council prohibiting the directors from paying their notes in specie, when they happened to have no specie, it must inevitably have gone in 1797. They have not, therefore, although they have worked up with consummate tact, been free from serious embarrassments. But the whole history of the bank is a monster-marvel viewed with reference to public credulity, and must be interesting, not to commercial men alone, but to the country in general, seeing that it embraces the history of that in which all are of course concerned, namely, the National Debt. I think, Mr. Bull,' continued George, 'that you have Blackstone here. His plain unvarnished tale is not only the most concise, but the most lucid

description of the progress of the debt I have ever met with; it is one, too, which—although he is considered by them all as a constitutional oracle—upsets the sophistries of Pitt and his proteolytes completely.

He then went to the bookcase, and having opened the first volume of the Commentaries, continued.

‘How these immense sums,’ says Blackstone, alluding to the taxes, are appropriated, is next to be considered. And this is first and principally to the payment of the interest of the National Debt. In order to take a clear and comprehensive view of the nature of this National Debt, it must first be premised that, after the Revolution, when our new connexions with Europe introduced a new system of foreign politics, the expenses of the nation, not only in settling the new establishment, but in maintaining long wars, as principals, on the continent, for the security of the Dutch barrier, reducing the French monarchy, settling the Spanish succession, supporting the House of Austria, maintaining the liberties of the Germanic body, &c., increased to an unusual degree, inasmuch that it was not thought advisable to raise all the expenses of any one year by taxes to be levied within that year, lest the unaccustomed weight should create murmurs among the people. It was, therefore, the policy of the times to anticipate the revenues of their posterity by borrowing immense sums for the current services of the state, and to lay no more taxes upon the subject than would suffice to pay the annual interest of the sums so borrowed; by this means converting the principal debt into a new species of property transferable from one man to another—a system which seems to have had its original in the state of Florence, 1344, which government then owed about 60,000*l.* sterling, and being unable to pay it, formed the principal into an aggregate sum, called metaphorically a mount or bank, the shares whereof were transferable like our stock, with interest at 5 per cent., the prices varying according to the exigencies of the state. This policy of the English parliament laid the foundation of what is called the National Debt. And the example then set has been so closely followed during the long wars of Queen Anne and since, that the capital of the National Debt amounted in June, 1777, to about one hundred and thirty-six millions. And July, 1786, one hundred and thirty-nine millions; to pay the interest of which, together with certain annuities for lives and the charges of management, extraordinary revenues are in the first place mortgaged and made perpetual by parliament. Perpetual I say, but still redeemable by the same authority that imposed them, which, if at any time can pay off the capital, will abolish those taxes which are raised to discharge the interest. By this means, the quantity of property in the kingdom, is greatly increased in idea compared with former times, yet if we coolly consider it, not at all increased in reality. We may boast of large fortunes and quantities of money in the funds. But where does this money exist? It exists only in name, in paper

in public faith, in parliamentary security, and that is undoubtedly sufficient for the creditors of the public to rely on. But then, what is the pledge which the public faith has pawned for the security of these debts? The land, the trade, and the personal industry of the subject, from which the money must arise that supplies the several taxes. In these therefore, and these only, the property of the public creditors does really and intrinsically exist; and of course the land, the trade, and the personal industry of individuals are diminished in their true value just so much they are pledged to answer. If A’s income amount to a hundred per annum, and he is so far indebted to B that he pays him fifty pounds per annum for this interest, one-half of the value of A’s property is transferred to B, the creditor. The debtor is only a trustee for the creditor, for one-half of the value of his income. In short, the property of a creditor of the public consists in a certain portion of the national taxes; by how much, therefore, he is the richer, by so much the nation which pays these taxes is the poorer.’ I am surprised,’ continued George, ‘that upon this subject Blackstone should never be quoted. This, however, is a clear, although but a very brief view of the history of the debt—which is in reality the history of the Bank—and as the debt is the foundation of public credit, so is it the basis of banking—the banker borrowing of the mass of the community, and substituting promises to pay for that which he gets in exchange for the promises. This has doubtless become a great public convenience, and as the Bank of England, by borrowing of the people to lend to the government, established this public convenience in London, there is no reason why it should not have been extended to the provinces, and when we look at the facilities for getting notes into circulation in the country—depending, as the circulation does, solely upon faith—it is surprising only that country banks are not more numerous, and especially when we consider how small a capital is absolutely required.’

‘Does it not, then, require much capital?’ inquired Waghorn.

‘I’ll undertake to start a country bank with a capital of one hundred pounds, with every prospect of success; with a thousand, I’d make it a profitable concern; but a provincial bank, with a *bona fide* capital of two thousand pounds, might, if properly managed, carry all before it. In banking, prudence is essentially the germ of success; the system has existed in this country now for nearly two hundred years; it commenced in 1645. Francis Child established the first bank in Fleet-street, and Snow and Dean started the second in the Strand—both of which stand now on the very spots on which they commenced—and although thousands of failures have taken place since the introduction of that system into England, there have been few indeed not directly ascribable to either ignorance, improvidence, or dishonesty.’

At this moment, the conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door, of so extraordinary a character, that it sounded as if a young

undertaker had arrived with a view of driving in a few nails for practice,

'Who can that be?' cried Bull, who felt somewhat alarmed; 'I can't guess, I can't!—surely there's nothing the matter!'

His fears were soon hushed; the servant entered with the card of Mr. Augustus Alexander Cavendish.

'It's that fellow Cavendish,' said Bull, addressing George, 'shall we have him in?'

'Oh, by all means,' replied George, and the next moment Cavendish was shown into the room.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, grasping the hand of his friend Bull, with great affection. 'But I hadn't the idea of a notion of—Ah! Mr. Julian! proud to see you!—Friend of yours?' he added, waving his hand gracefully towards Waghorn.—'Proud to know him. I thought I'd just drive over to-night, you see, Bull, as I want to do a little piece of business in the morning. I only came to secure you. I hadn't a thought of finding any one with you. I ought to make ten thousand apologies.'

These were, however, declared to be unnecessary; the wine was pushed towards him, and he began to consider himself perfectly at home, when as Waghorn was anxious to have the subject on which they had been conversing resumed, Cavendish was put in possession of that subject, in order that he might, if he pleased, join them.

'You know something of banking, I believe?' observed George.

'It strikes me rather,' returned Cavendish, 'that I do. I flatter myself that I know a little about it, and that little comprehends all. As the great proposition is now well received, that the impoverishment of the country promotes its prosperity, a bank is the best dodge going.—There can't be a better if you have kindred spirits to work with; if you have not, there can't be a worse. There has been enough money made by that dodge alone to buy up the country again and again. Just take a few particulars from my little pocket-book here. I'll not go far back—I'll just take a little retrospective view of thirty years: in 1793, the actual number of country banks that stopped payment was exactly a hundred; between that year and 1810, eighty-seven commissions of bankruptcy were issued against country banks; in 1810, there were twenty-six more; and from 1810 to 1814, twenty-nine; in 1814-15-16 there were ninety-two; and from 1816 to the present Anno Domini 1833, there have been fifty. Here we have a total, in round numbers, of three hundred; and as the commissions have borne to the compositions a proportion of only one to four, we have an average total of twelve hundred banks suspended in England—to say nothing of Ireland—within thirty years! Now there's an advantage to the public! Of course they were all established with a view to public advantage! Of course!—and John Bull has paid for all.—And a capital fellow is John—he bleeds like a pig. But, then, what does it matter to him?—He's a highly respectable fellow, and any one

will trust him. His credit is unlimited; hence he has got into debt is a test of respectability all over the world. A capital country this is for swindling. Any thing will take. I think of starting a swindling dodge for the total suppression of swindling soon.'

'But you don't mean to say,' observed George, 'that the whole of those bank swindlers have failed within the last thirty years have been swindlers?'

'No; not the whole: the majority, however, are known to have been; but as all these rags shops that fail must have been managed by either swindlers or fools, it is a matter of little importance to the public: as far as they are concerned, the result is equally advantageous. Now I'll just explain how I'd proceed, if I were about to start a country bank myself. In the first place, having selected my town, I'd take a house in the most conspicuous position, and have it fitted up in style. I'd then engage a gang of venerable individuals the whole of whom should sport spectacles, pig-tails, and powder, some to remain in the bank to amuse the members by turning over the leaves of the ledgers, and pretending to make entries with as much rapidity as if they hadn't many minutes to live, while the others were engaged in forcing the rags into circulation. The official fittings up, by the way, must be particularly attended to. A trap-door, with a rope above attached to a large iron safe, is indispensable, as a means of conveying to the human mind an idea of a fire-proof vault. There must also be a mob of tin boxes, for the deposit of deeds, mortgages, and other securities; blunderbusses, cutlery, and pistols, to keep away the thieves; and a highly-polished counter, with inkstands, blotting-paper, sundry wooden bowls, containing, of course, half sand and half silver, and a few immense bundles of paper, to represent somewhere about half a million of Bank of England notes. Your own rags, of course, can be soon got. My object would be to have a plate engraved, as nearly as possible like that of the largest and oldest bank in the town, that my notes might run among them without exciting any particular notice. Some must be payable in London, of course; but the bulk must be brought to the bank; and if you have but a few active and respectable-looking agents, a few thousands may be pushed into circulation in no time. At first, however, I should act with great caution. I'd make all the friends I could. I would not be a furious politician, but a Tory—a sort of moderate Tory,—and while going hand in hand with the nobility and clergy, I'd cultivate an acquaintance with coachmen, farmers, editors of newspapers, well-meaning tailors, and so on. I'd even buy a share of one of the papers, if I could, in order that the bank might be constantly puffed; but this of course must be known; because, if any thing should appear in that paper severe upon the scam, and they were aware of your being connected with it, they'd treat you to a run upon the bank as soon as look at you. Benevolent institutions form another great feature. I'd subscribe to every one in the town. Nothing

has a greater effect than charity, if you manage to make it well known.'

'But you'd require a large capital to do this, would you not?' inquired Waghorn.

'Capital!—bless your life, no; scarcely any to commence with. To do the thing in style, of course you must have a little, but even then you require very little indeed. Your rags give you a capital, which with tact you can always keep floating. I'd push mine out in all quarters. Some of them are sure to be a long time coming back, especially if you manage to inspire general confidence.'

'That in fact is all that is required,' observed George.

'Of course; and the ease with which it is to be done now is surprising. The people in the provinces would rather have your notes than those of the Bank of England at any time; and now that they are hanging such mobs of poor devils for forgery, they'll scarcely look at a Bank of England note at all. How do they know that it's a good one? Whereas local notes in this view are sure to be good! which shows the extent of their faith. And then the accounts, I'd open one if I could with every tradesman in the town, however small, and they could easily be persuaded into that, for there is something so catching in the terms, 'my banker,' 'my account,' and my 'cheque,' that it is in most cases, if properly put, irresistible. I'd open accounts with them all. If they hadn't any cash I'd take their bills. I'd accommodate the little swells in any way!—and when I'd thus carried on the game for about two years, I'd make fifty thousand pounds by the smash.'

'But if you were doing a good business, why stop at all?' said George.

'It's the only way,' replied Mr. Cavendish, 'to make a fortune quickly. It's very slow travelling if you go by the other coach. You may be all your life realizing a fortune on the square.'

'Then you'd start expressly with the view of stopping payment.'

'Of course! Why not? They nearly all do it. Look at the multitude of mushroom banks which have sprung up of late all over the country. Will any man tell me that one twentieth part of them were started on the square? They almost all start to stop when the state of their issues renders it expedient. And what can prevent them? They can always find plenty of excuses. They can stop when they please as a matter of course, and it is that which makes it so capital a dodge.'

Having heard Mr. Cavendish to this extent, George proceeded to describe the course that he should pursue in the event of starting as a banker, and so clearly did he make it appear that with a capital of two thousand pounds a provincial bank might be established on a secure foundation, with every prospect of its being permanently profitable, that Waghorn—who had been extremely attentive throughout, and by whom the introduction of the subject was considered a most fortunate circumstance, viewed with reference to the commercial position in which he then stood—made an appointment with George

before they separated for the night, at the same time intimating that his object was to tempt him to reduce his theory to practice.

PART XIII.—CHAPTER XX.

THE IMMORTAL PETER'S ACCOUNT OF POYAIS.

On the following morning on his arrival at the office, George found a ship letter on the table, which he instantly opened, expecting, of course, that it came from the Mosquito-shore.—It was dated Belize, Bay of Honduras, and duly signed by the immortal Peter. In appearance it was quite a curiosity; being crossed and recrossed in a diagonal direction, and so perfectly full that in neither of the corners was there sufficient space left to stick in another word.—It ran as follows:—

'MY DEAR MR. JULIAN,

'A dreadful do, sir, a cruel do, is this Poyais expedition. Never, sir was there such a heart-rending swindle. It is infamous, iniquitous, monstrous, sir: I cannot find words, sir, sufficiently strong to designate a do so disreputable and dirty; and I did not think that you knew nothing of it, did I not believe that that devil's imp, Mac Gregor—I wish he was here, I *only* wish the women here had hold of him, because he'd be butchered by inches—did I not believe, I say, that that rascal—oh, blister him!—deceived you as well as those unfortunate fools who came out to that blessed Poyais, I'd never speak to you again; but as I cannot imagine that if you had known the true nature of this dismal swindle, you would have carried the joke so far as to victimize me, I write to inform you what a pickle we are in, and to give you a brief description of this lovely land of promise.

'In six weeks, sir, after we sailed from the Downs, we arrived off the Mosquito shore. We had a very decent voyage, and my companions were very decent people of the sort, and we therefore passed the time very pleasantly, considering; but what were our feelings when, on arriving at Black River, we find those unhappy individuals, who came out previously in the Honduras packet, with starvation staring them full in the face. You know, sir, that the Kennerly Castle was short of provisions, reliance having been most unfortunately placed upon those which were sent in the Honduras packet. Our first question, therefore, on landing was 'How are you off for provisions?' And when we were told that the captain of the packet had set sail for Cape Gracias a Dios, with nearly the whole of them on board, we were reduced to a state bordering on madness. Some, seeing how delightfully deluded they had been, sank into despair, while others, becoming desperate, attacked the neighboring Indians, set fire to their wigwams, and then began to fight among themselves. Three of the most reckless stole the boat of the Kennerly Castle, and, accompanied by some Indians, made off for Belize; and when they were gone and the rest had become somewhat quiet, I began to look a little about me.—But, O what a place!—what a wilderness! Oh!

there—was I groaning about with the rest—sometimes trying to hook up a fish—and sometimes assisting to build a sort of pigsty to live in, while the women, in order to facilitate matters, and to make the thing as pleasant as they could were alternately blowing up their husbands for coming, and bitterly cursing the whole concern.

'My object at first, being a peaceable person, was to propitiate a few of the natives, who were highly respectable swells in their way, and in this I succeeded to a certain extent; but when I endeavored with all the eloquence I had in me to inspire them with a high appreciation of the value of the Poyaisian bank-notes, with the view of prevailing upon them to oblige me with change, or at least to give something substantive in return, they would'nt have them at any price at all! I told them I would'nt mind paying for the accommodation; I, moreover, explained to them the high respectability of banks in general, and more especially that of the National Bank of Poyais; but no, they were too artful; they did'nt, it is true, doubt my honor, but they would'nt change the notes. And these notes were our only currency—all salaries were paid with these notes. The bank existed only in imagination, you are aware; had it been otherwise, the run upon it would have been tremendous.

'Fortunately, there was not a single person sent out who was ever suspected of being any thing but a victim; if such a man had been sent with us, it is quite clear to me that the women would have made a victim of him, for they were desperate creatures,—there was no such thing as holding them at all,—they were fifty times worse than the men, who could'nt make head or tail of them.

'Of course our appointments were sinecures. Official individuals had nothing to do. My berth in the customs, which you were kind enough to obtain for me, might, it is true, have been a very good berth, had there been any customs; 'he mighty army, too, that was to have been raised might have been very mighty had there been any arms; and so might we have made the land very productive, had we possessed the power to live without food until the produce had arrived at maturity; but as matters stood, nothing could be done. We were all in a state of savagery.—There was nothing like government, discipline, or order. Nor was there any respect paid to persons, as a strong proof of which it may be mentioned that in my official residence, which was of a very *recherche* build, and about four feet high, I was obliged to pig the couple of bakers, a blacksmith, a butcher, and a barber. But that I did'nt so much mind, for instead of being hypocondriacal, they were in the midst of their misfortunes philosophically jolly. We always had a concert in the evening, a sort of free-and-easy: we used to sit upon the top of the house before we retired, and singing away like nightingales, endeavored to swindle ourselves into the belief that we were only out gipsying. And we certainly had one great comfort: we were all unmarried—and an out-and-out comfort that

was, for all who were not were indeed most wretched.

'And now I'll explain the real nature of this cruel swindle: Macgregor, who is safe to have his eyes scratched out if the women should ever return, had certainly the grant of the Poyaisian district: there can be no doubt about that; but it was clearly understood and set forth in the deed that nothing therein contained should be construed into a cession of the sovereignty of the country as then held by the Mosquito king. In the teeth of which, Mac Gregor's bonds are issued, as you are aware, with the preamble, 'Know all men by these presents that I, Gregor Mac Gregor the First, sovereign prince of the independent state of Poyais and its dependencies, &c.'—thus forfeiting the grant by the usurpation of the sovereignty, and vitiating the grants made to the emigrants by Mac Gregor for the consideration which he took care to pocket. Old Georgey, however, the Mosquito king, who is really a bit of a trump, although he issued a proclamation revoking the grant to Mac Gregor declared his willingness to recognize the grants to the emigrants who had been swindled out of their money, provided they undertook to kick up no row in his dominions. But this, although it was well meant, was of no sort of use. The emigrants had'nt the heart to do any thing.—What could they do with any prospect of success? There they were, a miserable mob of deluded wretches, without a particle of spirit, and almost without hope.

'I and the barber—who was rather an insinuating little swell—viewing with the most lively feelings of apprehension the deplorable wretchedness around us, made up our minds to scour the country, in order to pick up a couple of female savages, that, by marrying them, our position in society might be somewhat improved. But just as we were on the point of starting on this expedition, a schooner appeared! My friend, who at the time was shaving me with care as I sat on the top of our piggery, first beheld her. 'More victims!—more victims!' he cried, supposing that of course she came from England; but we were soon undeceived: we soon found that she had been sent from some quarter to aid us; and now I'll explain to you how.

'I have already stated that three of the most desperate of our party stole the boat of the Kennersly Castle, and, accompanied by a few of the natives, made off for Belize. On their passage, which was not an agreeable one at all, these fellows began to play tricks with the natives, who did'nt like it and would'nt have it, and threw a couple of them overboard in consequence. The third, however, happily reached Belize; and when he had given an account of our deplorable condition, the merchants, with a promptitude which did them great credit, despatched this schooner, the Mexican Eagle, to render us all possible assistance. The captain, on landing, offered to take us all away from this blessed land of promise, and to give us a free passage to Belize—an offer at which we all jumped,—and when, for his security, he had obtained the consent of our lieutenant-govern

or, he received one half of us on board, and, after a short passage, landed them in safety, and then went back for the rest; and here we all are in comparative comfort, being treated with the utmost kindness by the inhabitants in general.

'Now, sir, of course I have no wish to remain here. I am anxious to leave as soon as possible; but cannot get away, because I have nothing in the similitude of money but these Poyaisian notes, which will not pass current even here.—If, therefore, you will be kind enough to lend me sufficient to pay my passage home, I shall be extremely grateful, and will give you a bill at three months for the amount on my return, which bill shall of course be duly honored. Pray take my case into your kind consideration. I think you will, or I would not ask you. Do remit me some money! Please do, Mr. Julian, and you will forever oblige,

'Your faithful servant,

'PETER WEENSENSE.'

Having read this letter, George called at Bull's office; but as Cavendish was there, he, not wishing to give that gentleman quite so great a triumph, forbore to mention the subject until he had left. He then read the contents aloud to Bull, who, taking but a superficial view of the matter, laughed immoderately until George arrived at the conclusion, when he exclaimed—'Poor Peter! But what a dreadful state they must all have been in!'

'They must have been, indeed,' returned George. 'And Mac Gregor, by usurping the sovereignty, has proved himself to be a vain fool as well as a villain.'

'To be sure he has! The thing might have done, had it not been for that!'

'I do not, however, believe that he ever intended to establish a settlement there.'

'Nor do I. His object was solely to raise money: but it is clear that a settlement might have been established. But I say, my dear boy, those infuriated women! Why, if, on their return, they should happen to meet not only with Mac Gregor, but with us, we shall be torn all to pieces, we shall! They won't wait for any explanation, women won't. If they take a thing into their heads, you know, they go right at it, hit or miss; and especially when they are bent upon vengeance. We must therefore look out, my dear boy! It won't do to be sacrificed you know, by a lot of wild women!'

'The chances are, that they will never return; but if even they should, we need not, I think, be under any apprehension.'

'Well, if they should come back, I should not much like to stand in Mac Gregor's shoes?—But I say, my dear boy, the vessel by which your letter came of course brought official intelligence, which is sure to be communicated in the course of the day on Change! That will stun some of them—eh?—will it not? The thing will be knocked on the head at once, it will. The bonds will go right down to nothing!—they'll not be worth twopence apiece. We must be there to see the explosion!'

'I think that, as we are known by so many to have been connected with the business, we had

better keep away: not that our abandonment of the scheme would not enable us to justify ourselves; but because we cannot with truth say that we did not believe the intentions of Mac Gregor to be dishonorable when we left him.

'Well, it will be perhaps better for us not to appear. But what do you mean to do with Peter?'

'Oh! he shall have a remittance, of course.—As it was entirely through me he went out, I feel bound to send him the means of returning. I'll take care of him. But we ought, more than ever, to congratulate ourselves upon the narrow escape we have had.'

For the first time, Bull quite agreed with George in viewing this as a subject for congratulation; for although it may be said that he knew Mac Gregor's object, and felt therefore convinced that the villainous bubble must, at no remote period, burst, his anxiety to deal in these Poyais bonds, after George had abandoned the project could scarcely be restrained.

CHAPTER XXI.

GEORGE STARTS A COUNTRY BANK, AND RECEIVES SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

ALTHOUGH most impatient for the arrival of George at the hour appointed the previous evening, Waghorn was sedulously occupied in perfecting a scheme, by which it appeared not only that his embarrassments might be removed, but that he should be able to establish his reputation as a man of immense wealth. He had paid so much attention to the conversation on the subject of banking at Bull's residence, that nothing had escaped him, and as his calculations proved that his immediate connexion with a provincial bank having a respectable account in London would place him in a position to carry all before him, he resolved upon making a proposition to George to the effect that they should start one forthwith.

On George's arrival, he therefore lost no time in reopening the subject: he explained to him frankly the position in which he stood, describing with the most perfect candor the difficulties by which he had been surrounded, and the means he had adopted with a view to overcome them—and having dwelt upon the advantages of which the establishment of a bank would in all probability be productive to them both, he proceeded to make his proposition in form.

This George was quite disposed to entertain, but as experience had taught him to be cautious, he deemed it expedient to take sufficient time to consider, and therefore promised to decide in a week.

During this interval he inquired into the character of Waghorn, and found that he had proceeded with so much ingenuity and tact, that even his most intimate friends knew nothing of the embarrassments of which he had spoken.—They all described the stability of the firm as being beyond the possibility of doubt, and represented him as being a most diligent honorable person, one on whom the most perfect reliance might be placed.

George, therefore, notwithstanding the confession of Waghorn, that he had for some time been, and was still embarrassed, was so satisfied of his integrity, that when the week had expired, he gave his decision in favor of starting the bank.

With this decision Waghorn was delighted, and having in the interim ascertained that there was then a fine opening in one of the most important towns in Berkshire, he and George went down at once, and on finding the information they had received to be correct—there being but one bank in the town, and that essentially of the olden school, the conductors of which were extremely indisposed to put themselves out of the way for any thing—they were convinced that it was a fine opening indeed, and fixed upon an eligible spot before they left.

Secrecy was now a great object, and having that in view, they proceeded with the utmost caution. They secured the lease of an excellent house in the most important part of the town, and advertised for clerks who were conversant with the practical minutie of banking establishments, representing an intimate acquaintance with Berkshire to be a *sine qua non*. In consequence of this advertisement being inserted in almost every paper in the county, numerous applications were made, and among the rest were three from individuals who had been for years employed in the very bank of which the new one was about to become the rival. These persons it was deemed a great point to secure, and notwithstanding they were all rather elderly men, George engaged them. He also engaged two persons whose connexions in Berkshire were extensive, who knew intimately the principals of almost every firm of importance in the country, and who passed many other qualifications calculated to render them valuable agents.

The names of these persons were Stevens and Carlton; and as Waghorn had of course no wish for his name to appear, seeing that one of his grand objects was to have the endorsement of the bank on his accommodation bills, in order that he might negotiate them more freely, and as George moreover had no desire to put forth his name, he being known to so many as a speculative man—a fact which he thought might create a want of confidence—an arrangement was made with Stevens and Carlton, by which in consideration of allowing their names to appear, they were to have not only handsome salaries, but a certain per centage upon the *bona fide* profits of the bank.

This having been settled, the note-plates were ordered, and the house which they had taken was painted and furnished in really magnificent style, the furniture, which was sent down from London, being of the most elegant description.

George, however, prided himself most upon the appearance of the bank itself. Every thing looked like business: firearms were fixed upon brackets as a prescriptive matter of course, and while the shelves were loaded with padlocked boxes, the large iron chests were extremely well displayed.

Being anxious to commence with some little *clat*, George had proposed that they should start with a capital of four thousand pounds in equal shares, and as this proposition was agreed to by Waghorn, a correspondence was opened with a firm of long standing and high respectability in Pall Mall, the result of which was their consent to take the account of Stevens, Carlton, and Co., and a deposit of two thousand pounds was accordingly lodged in their hands.

The whole of the preliminaries being now arranged, the bank opened, and the value of both Stevens and Carlton soon began to appear. Stevens attended all the markets within a circle of thirty miles, and, being well known, succeeded in exchanging for the notes of distant bankers those of Stevens, Carlton, and Co.; and thus, although the bank incurred the expense of collection, forced into circulation their own notes, which being promptly paid on presentation soon inspired confidence in the public mind. He also contracted an intimacy with many highly respectable brewers, malsters, clothiers, and others. With the brewers who bought malt for cash, and with the malsters who on the same terms bought barley, he made an arrangement by which they undertook to pay away the notes of Stevens, Carlton, and Co. at all the markets they were in the habit of attending, which notes were to be obtained from the bank without charge, on their lodging their own promissory notes payable on demand; and every week an account was delivered of the notes which had come in for payment—the numbers having been of course previously taken—when the amount of those which had made their appearance was paid by the brewers and malsters in cash.

While Stevens was working his way at a distance, Carlton was equally active in the town. He ingratiated himself with almost all the respectable inhabitants, and more especially with the most substantial tradesmen, affording them every accommodation they required, of doing which the managers of the old bank had never even dreamed. Nor did he fail to propitiate the innkeepers, who in consequence extensively recommended the bank. If a traveller wanted a draft on London, Stevens, Carlton, and Co.'s was, of course, the bank to go to; if he wished to exchange the notes of bankers at a distance, it could be done at the bank of Stevens, Carlton, and Co. In short, by virtue of an admirable management, the bank of Stevens, Carlton, and Co. soon became the most popular bank in the county.

Of course, the managers of the old bank did not like the new one at all. They opposed it in every direction, circulated many prejudicial reports, and displayed even more animosity than might have been expected. They wouldn't take the notes of Stevens, Carlton, and Co.—they wouldn't look at them—not they, indeed! Who were Stevens, Carlton, and Co.? They only wished to know where they sprang from.

For some time George took no notice of this species of annoyance, conceiving ill-will on

their part to be to some extent natural; but as he found that it, instead of diminishing, increased, he at length, after vainly expostulating with them, resolved to put a stop to it at once. He therefore directed a general collection of the notes of the old bank, with which one of his clerks attended at the counter of that establishment with the utmost regularity every evening, and demanded gold. This was done to an average extent of two thousand pounds per week, which of itself was rather a serious affair; but, in order to make the thing still more pleasant, George had a plate beautifully engraved with the name of the firm of Stevens, Carlton, and Co., and plastered an impression of this plate across the face of every note that came into his possession, which shook the resolution of the managers of the old bank, who all at once became extremely happy to take the notes of Stevens, Carlton, and Co., and to exchange in the regular way once a week.

While, however, George was thus engaged in establishing the bank on a sure foundation, he did not forget Fred's claim. On the contrary, having received no answer to the advertisement, and therefore despairing of being able to effect a private settlement, he had instructed an attorney to commence proceedings forthwith.

The first step, however, had scarcely been taken, when George received a letter, signed O. P. Q., and written in a cramped, disguised hand, in which the writer requested to know if the reward which had been offered would be paid, in the event of the required information being given, without a personal interview.

To this letter George replied by advertisement, as directed, to the effect that, before he could answer the question, he must be informed not only of the names which were extracted, but of the process by which they would be removed; adding, that if such information were given, an answer would be immediately returned.

This advertisement, which appeared in the *Morning Herald*, was unnoticed for several days; but at length a letter was sent, signed as before, describing the names which were extracted, explaining the process, and stating that every information should be given, provided the writer could be assured of the reward, and that, for his own security, he should not be expected to give up the name of the person who employed him; to which George replied, that if no other ingredient than that described were used in discharging the ink, the money would be paid without a personal interview, in the event of the necessary information being given—that the sum should be lodged in the hands of a London banker, in the joint names of his attorney and any friend whom O. P. Q. might appoint, to be paid over, if the information being proved to be correct,—with an additional hundred pounds, as an inducement to O. P. Q. to explain the precise means by which he obtained possession of the book.

No time was lost in replying to this: a letter was sent on the following day, naming a solicitor, agreeing to the conditions, and stating that,

as soon as the money had been lodged, as proposed, the solicitor in question would deliver a letter containing all the information required.

George then went to his solicitor; and when he had explained to him all that had occurred, they proceeded at once to the attorney whom O. P. Q. had named, and who accompanied them to the banker's, where the money was deposited, with an agreement, embodying the conditions proposed; and when this had been effected, a letter was delivered to George, of which the contents were as follow:

‘Sir,

‘From the nature of the advertisement to which I first replied, I am induced to suspect that I have been in some measure, by the person who employed me, betrayed. If such be the case—if you can show me that it is so—I hereby declare that I will give up his name.—If, however, there has been no treachery on his part, the secret is still essential to my own security; and as I have no other fear of detection—being at that time known only by the assumed name of Richardson; and being, moreover, sufficiently disguised—I have nothing to communicate now but the facts.

‘About fifteen months ago, this person—with whom I had had several bill transactions—commissioned me to destroy the registry of the marriage in question; for which service I was to receive the sum of five hundred pounds; one hundred of which was to be paid down at once, and the remainder when the thing had been effected.

‘Accordingly having obtained all necessary information with respect to the village, and so on, I received the first hundred, and went down alone. The church was at that time under repair, and on being informed that the register was kept at the house of the curate, I called there, and found that the marriage was entered as described. I at first thought of cutting out the leaves, which I could have done at once; but as I knew that that was punishable with death, and that I should always be at the mercy of my employer, of whom I had some doubt, and who might have refused to perform his part of the contract, I hesitated, and left.

‘The curate had a daughter, whom I particularly noticed on entering the cottage, and who, in return, I thought rather particularly noticed me, and flattering myself that I knew something of the female character, it occurred to me that through her instrumentality I might accomplish in another way all that was required, save myself, in some measure, from the consequences of the act, and have, at the same time, the power of compelling him who employed me to fulfil the engagement into which he had entered.

‘I therefore at once returned to town, and had an interview with this person, who was greatly disappointed at my not having cut out the leaves: I excused myself by stating that I had thought of a plan by which the object proposed could be obtained in a manner far preferable in every respect—pointed out to him the danger of cutting out the leaves, as suspicion was sure to be

awakened, and the real facts probably proved, when the mutilation of the book should be discovered; and explained to him a process by which the ink might be extracted from the paper which could afterwards be so prepared as to enable me to insert other names without the chance of creating the slightest suspicion, and thus set detection at defiance. He admitted that this was a preferable course, and inquired how I proposed to obtain possession of the book, and when I told him that I expected to accomplish that through the medium of the old curate's daughter, he seemed to think it impossible! Feeling, however, sure of eventual success, I returned to effect the object in the manner proposed.

'It is not, sir, with any paltry view of setting forth my own tact that I am now about to explain to you how I proceeded: I do it solely because I feel myself bound to give you this explanation in order that the truth of my statement may not in any particular be doubted.

'As the curate was exceedingly careful of his daughter, and as the girl herself was of a timid retiring disposition, I found the task I had undertaken to be of far greater difficulty than I had imagined. In a few days, however, by dint of perseverance, I succeeded in making a manifest impression. Still I was compelled to be extremely cautious, and as I found that the curate began to make some inquiries having reference to the object of my visit to the place, I took especial care to have it represented to him that my object was his daughter, of whom I was desperately enamoured. I then obtained an interview with him, and declared my attachment with apparent sincerity and candor; but as he still refused to sanction my visits to the house, I changed my course, and by virtue of bribery managed to propitiate the favor of the old housekeeper, through whose instrumentality I obtained private interviews with her mistress, whose name if I recollect rightly was Lydia.

'As a matter of course, she believed my protestations to be as sincere as they were warm; and although she continued to be anxious to conceal it, that very anxiety convinced me that her affections had been won.

Having proceeded thus far, I directed my immediate attention to the register. I endeavored to induce the belief that I derived more amusement from parish registers in general than from any other records extant, and tried to prevail upon her to procure for me privately the register of that particular parish, in order that, by allowing me to take it to the inn, I might gratify my curiosity which had been, by a brief perusal of it, strongly excited.

'To do this, however, she declined. Her papa always kept it locked up and never by any accident left the key about. She was indeed very sorry that she could not oblige me, but if even the safe were on any occasion left open, she should feel that she was doing very wrong to lend me the book without obtaining his consent.

'Notwithstanding this decided refusal, I did not despair. The register I was determined to

have, and as I then knew that I could not immediately obtain it, I felt that my only plan was to inspire her with more confidence in me than ever.

'While this was being effected, the fact of our having private interviews by some means came to the ears of the curate; and as he naturally felt that it would be better under the circumstances to receive me on being assured of my respectability, and so on—an assurance which, of course, I was ready to give—he sent for me, and when I succeeded in painting my character, prospects and connexions, to his entire satisfaction, he, having the happiness of his daughter only in view, consented to offer no further opposition to my visits.

'With this consent Lydia was delighted. It inspired her with the most lively hopes. Her joy was unbounded; and this induced me to imagine that her confidence in me was unbounded too; but on alluding to the subject of the register again, I found I had my work to do still. The great difficulty, however, consisted not perhaps so much in want of confidence on her part, as in the belief she entertained that, in taking the book from the safe without the knowledge of her father, she should be committing an act of gross disobedience. She begged of me earnestly to allow her to mention the subject to him. She was perfectly sure that he would have no objection. She was prepared to pledge her existence that, if he were informed that I had so strong a desire to peruse the book alone, he would with infinite pleasure let me take it to the inn with me. But I knew better!—and I forbade her to mention the subject to him, on the ground that he would consider my curiosity childish.

'At length, finding it impossible to overcome that which she conceived to be her duty by any other means, I treated her coolly, and thus made her wretched. I would not have done it, for she was really a good girl, had there been the slightest chance of my object being accomplished in any other way; but there was not; she was proof against all persuasion, and therefore compelled me to alter my tone. At first she tried to guess the cause of this sudden change; but being unable to do that successfully, she had recourse to gentle expostulation.—'How had she offended me? What had she done? If she had said the slightest word to annoy me, she was indeed very sorry, and hoped that I would forgive her; but she could not but think it rather cruel to treat her so without explaining the cause.' Poor girl! I was sorry for her; but business must be attended to, sir; and as the business I had then in hand was of the utmost importance to me, seeing that I happened to be then rather poor, I was determined that no obstacle which I could remove, should continue to stand in the way of its accomplishment. I therefore told her plainly that she had deceived me—that she had taught me to believe that her confidence in me was unlimited; and when she assured me that it really was, I replied that I never should be satisfied of it, until she had procured for me that register: not that I particu-

larly wanted it; no, but because it was the only proof of confidence she then had the power to afford me.

'This was sufficient. Her scruples were hushed. That night I had the register.

'I took it with me to the inn, where I extracted the names by the process which in my former communication I described, not only in the body of the book but in the index, and having prepared the paper, I wrote the names which now appear with *sympathetic* ink, in order that I might have an additional hold upon the person who employed me; and having thus made all secure, I returned the book on the following morning, and expressed myself of course quite satisfied that Lydia had confidence in me indeed.

'My object now being accomplished, I prepared to return to town, and as I had previously

invited the curate to accompany me, in order that he might at once be introduced to my connexions, we started by the coach the next day, and I scarcely need add, that immediately on our arrival in London, I left him.

'And now, sir, I think that this is all the information you require as far as the facts of the case are concerned. If, however there should be any point which requires a more minute explanation, I shall feel myself bound to afford it; and I beg to repeat, sir, that if, as I am led to suspect, you can show that there has been any treachery on the part of the person by whom I was employed in this business, I shall not only feel much obliged by your putting me on my guard, but will instantly send you his name.

'I am, sir, &c. &c.

'O. P. Q.'

MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

"THE POACHER."

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

VOL. II.—PART 14.

CHAPTER XI.

IN WHICH THE TINKER MAKES LOVE.

Joey made his obeisance, and departed as if he was frightened. Miss Melissa watched him; at last she thought, 'Tinker or no tinker? that is the question. No tinker, for a cool hundred, as my father would say; for, no tinker's boy, no tinker; and that is no tinker's boy. How clever of him to say that the letter was given him by a gentleman! Now I can send to him to interrogate him, and have an interview without any offence to my feelings; and if he is disguised, as I feel confident that he is, I shall soon discover it.'

Miss Melissa Mathews did not sleep that night; and at the time appointed she was sitting on the bench with all the assumed dignity of a newly-made magistrate. Spikeman and Joey were not long before they made their appearance. Spikeman was particularly clean and neat, although he took care to wear the outward appearance of a tinker; his hands were, by continual washing in hot water, very white, and he had paid every attention to his person, except in wearing his rough and sullied clothes.

'My boy tells me Miss, that you wish to speak to me,' said Spikeman, assuming the air of a vulgar man.

'I did, friend,' said Melissa, after looking at Spikeman for a few minutes; 'a letter has been brought here clandestinely, and your boy confesses that he received it from you; and, I wish to know how you came by it.'

'Boy, go away to a distance,' said Spikeman, very angrily; 'if you can't keep one secret, at all events you shall not hear any more.'

Joey retreated as had been arranged between them.

'Well, Madam, or Miss (I suppose Miss),' said Spikeman, 'that letter was written by a gentleman that loves the very ground you tread upon.'

'And he requested it to be delivered to me?'

'He did, Miss; and if you knew, as I do, how he loves you, you would not be surprised at his taking so bold a step.'

'I am surprised at your taking so bold a step, Tinker, as to send it by your boy.'

'It was a long while before I would venture, Miss; but when he told me what he did, I really could not help doing so; for I pitied him, and so would you, if you knew all.'

'And, pray, what did he tell you?'

'He told me, Miss,' said Spikeman, who had gradually assumed his own manner of speaking, 'that he had ever rejected the thoughts of matrimony—that he had rose up every morning thanking Heaven that he was free and independent—that he had scorned the idea of ever being captivated with the charms of a woman; but that one day he had by chance passed down this road, and had heard you singing as you were coming down to repose on this bench. Captivated by your voice, curiosity induced him to conceal himself in the copse behind us, and from thence had a view of your person; nay, Miss, he told me more, that he had played the eaves-dropper, and heard all your conversation, free and unconstrained as it was from the supposition that you were alone; he heard you express your sentiments and opinions, and finding that there was on this earth what, in his scepticism, he thought never to exist—youth, beauty, talent, family, and principle, all united in one person—he had bowed at the shrine, and had become a silent and unseen worshipper.'

Spikeman stopped speaking.

'Then, it appears that this gentleman, as you style him, has been guilty of the ungentlemanly practice of listening to private conversation—no very great recommendation.'

'Such was not his intention at first; he was seduced to it by you. Do not blame him for that—now that I have seen you I cannot; but, Miss, he told me more. He said that he felt that he was unworthy of you, and had not a competence to offer you, even if he could obtain your favor; that he discovered that there was a cause which prevented his gaining an introduction to your family; in fact, that he was hopeless and despairing. He had hovered near you for a long time, for he could not leave the air you breathed; and, at last, that he had resolved to set his life upon the die and stake the hazard. Could I refuse him, Miss? He is of an old family, but not wealthy; he is a gentleman by birth and education, and therefore I did not think I was doing so very wrong in giving him the chance, trifling as it might be. I beg your pardon, Madam, if I have offended; and any message you may have to deliver to him, harsh as it may be—nay, even if it should be his death—it shall be faithfully and truly delivered.'

'When shall you see him, Master Tinker?' said Melissa, very gravely.

'In a week he will be here, he said, not before.'

'Considering he is so much in love he takes his time,' replied Melissa. 'Well, Master Tinker, you may tell him from me that I've no answer to give him. It is quite ridiculous, as well as highly improper, that I should receive a letter or answer one from a person whom I never saw. I admit his letter to be respectful, or I should have sent a much harsher message.'

'Your commands shall be obeyed, Miss; that is, if you cannot be persuaded to see him for one minute.'

'Most certainly not; I see no gentleman who is not received at my father's house, and properly presented to me. It may be the custom among people in your station of life, Master Tinker, but not in mine; and, as for yourself, I recommend you not to attempt to bring another letter.'

'I must request your pardon for my fault, Miss; may I ask, after I have seen the poor young gentleman, am I to report to you what takes place?'

'Yes, if it is to assure me that I shall be no more troubled with his addresses.'

'You shall be obeyed, Miss,' continued Spikeman; then, changing his tone and air, he said, 'I beg your pardon, have you any knives or scissors to grind?'

'No,' replied Melissa, jumping up from her seat, and walking towards the house to conceal her mirth. Shortly afterwards she turned round to look if Spikeman was gone; he had remained near the seat with his eyes following her footsteps. 'I could love that man,' thought Melissa, as she walked on. 'What an eye he has, and what eloquence! I shall run away with a tinker, I do believe; but it is my destiny. Why does he say a week, a whole week? But how easy to see through his disguise! He had the stamp of a gentleman upon him. Dear me, I

wonder how this is to end! I must not tell Araminta yet; she would be fidgetted out of her wits. How foolish of me! I quite forgot to ask the name of this gentleman. I'll not forget it next time.'

CHAPTER XII.

WELL DONE, TINKER.

'It is beyond my hopes, Joey,' said Spikeman, as they went back to the cottage; 'she knows well enough that I was pleading for myself and not for another, and she has said quite as much as my most sanguine wishes could desire; in fact, she has given me permission to come again, and repeat the result of her message to the non-existent gentleman, which is equal to an assignment. I have no doubt now I shall ultimately succeed, and I must make my preparations; I told her that I should not be able to deliver her message for a week, and she did not like the delay, that was clear; it will all work in my favor, a week's expectation will ripen the fruit more than daily meetings. I must leave this to-night; but you may as well stay here, for you can be of no use to me

'Where are you going then?'

'First to Dudstone, to take my money out of the bank; I have a good sum, sufficient to carry me on for many months after our marriage, if I do marry her. I shall change my dress at Dudstone, of course, and then start for London by mail, and fit myself out with a most fashionable wardrobe, and etceteras, come down again to Cobhurst, the town we were in the other day, with my portmanteau, and from thence return here in my tinker's clothes to resume operations. You must not go near her during my absence.'

'Certainly not; shall I go out at all?'

'No, not with the wheel; you might meet her on the road, and she would be putting questions to you.'

That evening Spikeman set off, and was absent for five days, when he again made his appearance early in the morning. Joey had remained almost altogether in-doors, and had taken that opportunity of writing to Mary. He wrote on the day of Spikeman's departure, as it would give ample time for an answer before his return; but Joey received no reply to his letter.

'I am all prepared now, my boy,' said Spikeman; whose appearance was considerably improved by the various little personal arrangements which he had gone through during the time he was in London. 'I have my money in my pockets, my portmanteau at Cobhurst, and now it depends upon the rapidity of my success when the day is to come that I make my knife-grinder's wheel-over to you. I will go down now, but without you this time.'

Spikeman set off with his wheel, and soon arrived at the usual place of meeting; Miss Mathews had perceived him, from the window, coming down the road, she waited a quarter of an hour before she made her appearance; had not she had her eyes on the hands of the time-piece, and knew that it was only a quarter of an hour, she could have sworn that it had been two hours at least. Poor girl! she had

during this week run over every circumstance connected with the meeting at least a thousand times; every word that had been exchanged had been engraven on her memory, and, without her knowledge almost, her heart had imperceptibly received the impression. She walked down reading her book very attentively until she arrived at the bench.

'Any knives or scissors to grind, Ma'am?' asked Spikeman, respectfully coming forward.

'You here again, Master Tinker! why I had quite forgot all about you.'

(Heaven preserve us! how innocent girls will sometimes tell fibs out of modesty.)

'It were well for others, Miss Mathews, if their memories were equally treacherous,' rejoined Spikeman.

'And why so, pray?'

'I speak of the gentleman to whom you sent the message.'

'And what was his reply to you?'

'He acknowledged, Miss Mathews, the madness of his communication to you, of the impossibility of your giving him an answer, and of your admitting him to your presence. He admired the prudence of your conduct, but, unfortunately, his admiration only increased his love. He requested me to say that he will write no more.'

'He has done wisely and I am satisfied.'

'I would I could say as much for him, Miss Mathews; for it is my opinion that his very existence is now so bound up with the possession of you, that if he does not succeed he cannot exist.'

'That is not my fault,' replied Melissa, with her eyes cast down.

'No, it is not; still, Miss Mathews, when it considered that this man had abjured, I may say had almost despised women, it is no small triumph to you, or homage from him, that you have made him feel the power of your sex.'

'It is his just punishment for having despised us.'

'Perhaps so; yet if we were all punished for our misdeeds, as Shakspeare says, who should escape whipping?'

'Pray, Master Tinker, where did you learn to quote Shakspeare?'

'Where I learnt much more; I was not always a travelling tinker.'

'So I presumed before this; and pray how came you to be one?'

'Miss Mathews, if the truth must be told, it arose from an unfortunate attachment.'

'I have read in the olden poets that love would turn a man into a god; but I never heard of its making him a tinker,' replied Melissa, smiling.

'The immortal Jove did not hesitate to conceal his thunderbolts when he deigned to love; and Cupid but too often has recourse to the aid of Proteus to secure success. We have, therefore, no mean warrantry.'

'And who was the lady of thy love, good Master Tinker.'

'She was, Miss Mathews, like you in every thing; she was as beautiful, as intelligent, as

honest, as proud, and, unfortunately, she was, like you, as obdurate, which reminds me of the unfortunate gentleman whose emissary I now am. In his madness he requested me, yes, Miss Mathews, me, a poor tinker—to woo you for him; to say to you all that he would have said had he been admitted to your presence; to plead for him at your feet, and entreat you to have some compassion for one whose only misfortune was to love,—whose only fault was to be poor. What could I say, Miss Mathews,—what could I reply to a person in his state of desperation? To reason with him, to argue with him, had been useless; I could only sooth him by making such a promise, provided that I was permitted to do it. Tell me, Miss Mathews, have I your permission to make the attempt?'

'First, Mr Tinker, I should wish to know the name of this gentleman.'

'I promised not to mention it, Miss Mathews, but I can evade the promise. I have a book which belongs to him in my pocket, on the inside of which are the arms of his family, with his father's name underneath them.'

Spikeman presented the book. Melissa read the name, and then laid it on the bench, without saying a word.

'And now, Miss Mathews, as I have shown you that the gentleman has no wish to conceal who he is, may I venture to hope that you will permit me to plead occasionally, when I may see you, in his behalf?'

'I know not what to say, Master Tinker; I consider it a measure fraught with some danger both to the gentleman and to myself. You have quoted Shakspeare, allow me now to do the same—'

'Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the affairs and offices of love,
Therefore all hearts use your own tongues.'

You observe, Master Tinker, that there is the danger of your pleading for yourself, and not for your client; and there is also the danger of my being insensibly moved to listen to the addresses of a tinker. Now, only reflect upon the awful consequences,' continued Melissa smiling.

'I pledge you my honor, Miss Mathews, that I will only plead for the person whose name you have read in the book, and that you shall never be humiliated by the importunities of a mender of pots and pans.'

'You pledge the honor of a tinker; what may that be worth?'

'A tinker that has the honor of conversing with Miss Mathews has an honor that cannot be too highly appreciated.'

'Well, that is very polite for a mender of old kettles, but the schoolmaster is abroad, which, I presume, accounts for such strange anomalies as our present conversation. I must now wish you good morning.'

'When may I have the honor of again presenting myself in behalf of the poor gentleman?'

'I can really make no appointments with tinkers,' replied Melissa; 'if you personate that young man, you must be content to wait for days or months to catch a glimpse of the hem of my garment; to bay the moon and bless the stars,

and I do not know what else. It is, in short, catch me when you can; and now, farewell, good Master Tinker," replied Melissa, leaving her own book, and taking the one Spikeman had put into her hand, which she carried with her to the house. It was all up with Miss Melissa Mathews, that was clear.

We shall pass over a fortnight, during which Spikeman, at first every other day, and subsequently every day or evening, had a meeting with Melissa, in every one of which he pleaded his cause in the third person. Joey began to be very tired of this affair, as he remained idle during the whole time, when one morning Spikeman told him that he must go down to the meeting place without the wheel and tell Miss Mathews that his uncle, the tinker, was ill, and not able to come that evening.

Joey received his instructions, and went down immediately. Miss Mathews was not to be seen, and Joey, to avoid observation, hid himself in the copse, awaiting her arrival. At last she came, accompanied by Araminta, her cousin.—As soon as they had taken their seats on the bench, Araminta commenced: "My dear Melissa, I could not speak to you in the house on account of your father, but Simpson has told me this morning that she thought it her duty to state to me, that you have been seen, not only in the day time, but late in the evening, walking and talking with a strange-looking man. I have thought it very odd that you should not have mentioned this mysterious person to me lately, but I do think it most strange that you should have been so imprudent. Now, tell me everything that has happened, or I must really make it known to your father."

"And have me locked up for months; that's very kind of you, Araminta," replied Melissa.

"But consider what you have been doing, Melissa. Who is this man?"

"A travelling tinker, who brought me a letter from a gentleman who has been so silly as to fall in love with me."

"And what steps have you taken, cousin?"

"Positively refused to receive a letter, or to see the gentleman."

"Then why does the man come again?"

"To know if we have any knives or scissors to grind."

"Come, come, Melissa, this is ridiculous. All the servants are talking about it; and you know how servants talk. Why do you continue to see this fellow?"

"Because he amuses me, and it is so stupid of him."

"If that is your only reason, you can have no objection to see him no more, now that scandal is abroad. Will you promise me that you will not? Recollect, dear Melissa, how imprudent and how unmaidenly it is."

"Why, you don't think that I am going to elope with a tinker, do you, cousin?"

"I should think not; nevertheless, a tinker is no companion for Miss Mathews; dear cousin. Melissa, you have been most imprudent. How far you have told me the truth I know not; but this I must tell you, if you do not promise me to

give up this disgraceful acquaintance I will immediately acquaint my uncle."

"I will not be forced into any promise, Araminta," replied Melissa, indignantly.

"Well, then, I will not hurry you into it. I will give you forty-eight hours to reply, and if by that time your own good sense does not point out your indiscretion, I certainly will make it known to your father; that is decided." So saying, Araminta rose from the bench and walked towards the house.

"Eight-and-forty hours," said Melissa, thoughtfully; "it must be decided by that time."

Joey, who had wit enough to perceive how matters stood, made up his mind not to deliver his message. He knew that Spikeman was well, and presumed that his staying away was to make Miss Mathews more impatient to see him. Melissa remained on the bench in deep thought; at last Joey went up to her.

"You here, my boy! what have you come for?" said Melissa.

"I was strolling this way, Madam."

"Come here; I want you to tell me the truth; indeed, it is useless to attempt to deceive me.—Is that person your uncle?"

"No, Miss, he is not."

"I knew that. Is he not the person who wrote the letter, and a gentleman in disguise? Answer me that question, and then I have a message to him which will make him happy."

"He is a gentleman, Miss."

"And his name is Spikeman; is it not?"

"Yes, Miss, it is."

"Will he be here this evening? This is no time for trifling."

"If you want him, Miss, I am sure he will."

"Tell him to be sure and come, and not in disguise," said Melissa, bursting into tears.

"That's no use, my die is cast," continued she, talking to herself. Joey remained by her side until she removed her hands from her face.—

"Why do you wait?"

"At what hour, Miss, shall he come?" said Joey.

"As soon as it is dusk. Leave me, boy, and do not forget."

Joey hastened to Spikeman, and narrated what he had seen and heard, with the message of Melissa.

"My dear boy" you have helped me to happiness," said Spikeman. "She shed tears did she? Poor thing! I trust they will be the last she shall shed. I must be off to Cobhurst: at once. Meet me at dark at the copse, for I shall want to speak to you."

Spikeman set off for the town as fast as he could, with his bundle on his head. When half-way he went into a field and changed his clothes, discarding his tinker's dress for ever, throwing it into a ditch for the benefit of the finder. He then went into the town to his rooms, dressed himself in a fashionable suit, arranged his portmanteau, and ordered a chaise to be ready at the door at a certain time, so as to arrive at the village before dusk. After he had passed through the village he ordered the postboy to stop about fifty yards on the other side of the copse, and get

ting out, desired him to remain till he returned. Joey was already there, and soon afterwards Miss M. made her appearance, coming down the walk in a hurried manner, in her shawl and bonnet. As soon as she gained the bench, Spikeman was at her feet; he told her he knew what had passed between her and her cousin; that he could not, would not, part with her; he now came without disguise to repeat what he had so often said to her, that he loved and adored her, and that his life should be devoted to make her happy.

Melissa wept, entreated, refused, and half consented; Spikeman led her away from the bench towards the road, she still refusing, yet still advancing, until they came to the door of the chaise. Joey let down the steps; Melissa, half fainting and half resisting, was put in, Spikeman followed, and the door was closed by Joey.

'Stop a moment, boy,' said Spikeman. 'Here Joey, take this.'

As Spikeman put a packet into our hero's hand, Melissa clasped her hands, and cried,— 'Yes—yes! stop, do stop and let me out; I cannot go, indeed I cannot.'

'There's lights coming down the gravel walk,' said Joey; 'they are running fast.'

'Drive on, boy, as fast as you can,' said Spikeman.

'Oh, yes! drive on,' cried Melissa, sinking into her lover's arms.

Off went the chaise, leaving Joey on the road with the packet in his hands; our hero turned round and perceived the lights close to him, and, not exactly wishing to be interrogated, he set off as fast as he could, and never checked his speed until he arrived at the cottage where he and Spikeman had taken up their quarters.

MELODIES AND OTHER POEMS,

BY CHARLES F. HOFFMAN,

Author of 'A Winter in the West,' 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie,' 'Greyslaer,' &c. &c. &c.

[NOW FIRST COLLECTED.]

WE read every day of A. the poet, and B. the poet, and C. the poet; but who ever saw that title appended to the name of CHARLES F. HOFFMAN? No one; we trow; it was never so printed. The author of works which entitle him to be ranked among the first lyric poets who have written in the English language, he has permitted his effusions, under various unique signatures of his own invention and the names of popular foreign bards, to have their periodical career in the gazettes, delighting all readers by their exquisite melody and the beauty of their thoughts, unclaimed and by himself unvalued. A number of the songs which we give below may be purchased at the music stores with the name of Thomas Moore upon their title-pages;—but with all Moore's excellencies, and all his fame, he never produced melodies superior to 'Sparkling and Bright,' 'She loves but 'tis not me she loves,' 'The Myrtle and Steel,' and several others by our American Anacreon.

C. F. HOFFMAN is a brother to the Honorable OGDEN HOFFMAN, the distinguished member of the last Congress from New-York, and was born on the banks of the noble Hudson, near that city, in 1806. His boyhood was passed principally at Poughkeepsie, where he attended a grammar school kept by some petty tyrant, who, never winning his respect nor confidence, failed of course to do him any benefit. From Pough-

keepsie he went to Columbia College, where he graduated when nineteen years old, having distinguished himself above all his classmates, in belles-letters, and won the affections of every one with whom he associated, by his admirable social qualities. Soon after he left his alma mater he commenced the study of the law with the Hon. HARMANUS BLEECKER, of Albany, now *Charge d' Affaires* of the United States to the Hague. When twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, and for the succeeding three years he practised in the courts of the city of New-York. During this period, he wrote anonymously for the New-York American, (having while in Albany made his first essay as a writer for the gazettes, by contributing a series of lively sketches to the 'Argus' and the 'Daily Advertiser;') and we believe finally become associated with Charles King, Esq. in the editorship of that paper. Certainly he gave up the legal profession, for the successful prosecution of which he appears to have been disqualified by his love of books, his friends, the rod, and gun, and has since devoted his attention almost constantly to literature.

From 1834 to 1837 he edited the American Monthly Magazine, which, under him and his successor, Mr. Park Benjamin, was equal if not superior in merit to any literary periodical of similar character ever published in this country.

The first impression of his 'Winter in the West,' was published in 1834, and immediately after reprinted in London. In England and in this country it has since passed through several editions and it will continue to be popular, so long as graphic descriptions of scenery and character, and richness and purity of style, are admired. His 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie' has reached a third edition in London, where it was first printed in 1837. His next work, 'Greyslaer,' was published last year by the Harpers, in New-York, and subsequently reprinted by Colburn, in London, and Lea and Blanchard, in Philadelphia. The last mentioned publishers, it is understood, have now in press a new romance from his pen, which will appear in the ensuing autumn.

We learn from a recent list of 'Appointments by the President,' that Mr. Hoffman has received an honorable office in the custom-house of his native city. May no changes in the political world deprive him of it, so long as he prefers 'sitting at the receipt of custom,' to wandering among the wild scenes of the forest, the mountains and the lakes.

The poems which follow probably are but a small proportion of those which Mr. HOFFMAN has written; but they are all we have been able to gather from the magazines and gazettes in our possession; and they constitute the first collection of our author's melodies which has been before the public. Many of them have never before been printed under Mr. HOFFMAN'S name; and some of them doubtless contain errors, as nearly all similar productions do from constant and careless republication in the journals;—the reader may be confident that if there is anything wrong or imperfect about them it is not the author's fault. We shall hereafter give the best works of more of 'Our Neglected Poets,' being confident that for all such labors we merit and shall receive the thanks of our intelligent readers.—*Editor.*

MOONLIGHT ON THE HUDSON.

Written iat West Pont.

I'm not romantic, but, upon my word,
There are some moments when one can't help feeling
As if his heart's chords were so strongly stirred
By things around him, that 'tis vain concealing
A little music in his soul still lingers
Whene'er its keys are touched by Nature's fingers:

And even here, upon this settee lying,
With many a sleepy traveller near me snoozing,
Thoughts warm and wild are through my bosom flying,
Like founts when first into the sunshine cooing:

For who can look on mountain, sky, and river,
Like these, and then be cold and calm as ever?

Bright Dian, who, Camilla-like, dost skim yon
Azure fields—Thou who, once earthward bending,
Didst loose thy virgin zone to young Endymion
On dewy Latmos to his arms descending—
Thou whom the world of old on every shore,
Type of thy sex, *Triformis*, did adore:

Tell me—where'er thy silver barque be steering
By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,
Or o'er those island-studded seas careering,
Whose pearl-charg'd waves dissolve on coral strands
Tell if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover,
A lovelier spot than this the wide world over?

Doth Achelous or Araxes flowing
Twin-born from Pindus, but ne'er meeting brothers—
Doth Tagus o'er his golden pavement glowing,
Or cradle-freighted Ganges, the reproach of mothers,
The storied Rhine, or far-famed Guadalquivir,
Match thee in beauty mv own glorious river?

What though no turret gray nor ivied column
Along these cliffs their sombre ruins rear?
What though no frowning tower nor temple solemn
Of despots tell and superstition here—
What tho' that mouldering fort's fast-crumbling walls
Did ne'er enclose a baron's bannered halls—

Its sinking arches once gave back as proud
An echo to the war-blown clarion's peal,
As gallant hearts its battlements did crowd
As ever beat beneath a vest of steel,
When herald's trump on knighthood's haughtiest day
Called forth chivalric host to battle fray:

For here amid these woods did He keep court,
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd
Of heroes, who alone for fame have fought,
Are like the Patriarch's shaves to Heaven's chosen
bowed—

He who his country's eagle taught to soar,
And fired those stars which shine o'er every shore.

And sights and sounds at which the world have wonder'd
Within these wild ravines have had their birth;
Young Freedom's cannon from these glens have thundered,

And sent their startling echoes o'er the earth;
And not a verdant glade nor mountain hoary
But treasures up within the glorious story.

And yet not rich in high-souled memories only,
Is every moon-touched headland round me gleaming,
Each cavernous glen and leafy valley lonely,
And silver torrent o'er the bald rock streaming:
But such soft fancies here may breathe around,
As make Vaucuse and Clarens hallow'd ground.

Where, tell me where, pale watcher of the night—
Thou that to love so fast lent its soul,
Since the lorn Lesbian languished 'neath thy light,
Or fiery Romeo to his Juliet stole—
Where dost thou find a fitter place on earth
To nourish young love in hearts like thine to birth?

But now, bright Peri of the skies, descending
Thy pearly car hangs o'er yon mountain's crest,
And Night, more nearly now each step attending,
As if to hide thy envied place of rest,
Closes at last thy very couch beside,
A matron curtaining a virgin bride.

Farewell! Though tears on every leaf are starting,
While thro' the shadowy boughs thy glaucous quiver,
As of the good when heavenward hence departing,
Shines thy last smile upon the placid river.
So—could I fling o'er glory's tide one ray—
Would I too steal from this dark world away.

THE WESTERN HUNTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Wend, love, with me, to the deep woods, wend,
Where far in the forest, the wild flowers keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend
Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.
Thou shalt gather from buds of the oriole's hue,
Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit,
From the saffron orchis and lupin blue,
And those like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle us both shall bear,
One hand of each on the bridle meet;
And beneath the wrist that entwines me there
An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.
I will sing thee many a joyous lay,
As we chase the deer by the blue lake-side,
While the winds that o'er the prairie play
Shall fan the cheek of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be by the cool bright streams,
Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,
And our hearts shall smile like the sun's warm gleams
Through the branches around the lodge that meet.
Then wend with me, to the deep woods wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where no watching eye shall over us bend,
Save the blossoms that into thy bower peep.

SONG—ROSALIE CLARE.

Who own's not she's peerless—who calls her not fair—
Who questions the beauty of Rosalie Clare?
Let him saddle his courser and spur to the field,
And though coated in proof, he must perish or yield;
For no gallant can splinter—no charger can dare
The lance that is couched for young Rosalie Clare.

When goblets are flowing, and wit at the board
Sparkles high, while the blood of the red grape is pour'd,
And fond wishes for fair ones around offered up
From each lip that is wet with the dew of the cup,—
What name on the brimmer floats oftener there,
Or is whispered more warmly, than Rosalie Clare?

They may talk of the land of the olive and vine—
Of the maids of the Ebro, the Arno, or Rhine—
Of the Hours that gladden the East with their smiles,
Where the sea's studded over with green summer isles;
But what flower of far away clime can compare
With the blossom of ours—bright Rosalie Clare?

Who owns not she's peerless—who calls her not fair?
Let him meet but the glances of Rosalie Clare!
Let him list to her voice—let him gaze on her form—
And if, seeing and hearing, his soul do not warm,
Let him go breathe it out in some less happy air
Than that which is blessed by sweet Rosalie Clare.

THY NAME.

It comes to me when healths go round,
And o'er the wine their garland's wreathing
The flowers of wit, with music wending,
Are freshly from the goblet breathing.
From sparkling song and sally gay
It comes to steal my heart away,
And fill my soul, 'mid festal glee,
With sad, sweet, silent thoughts of thee.

It comes to me upon the mart,
Where care in jostling crowds is rife;
Where Avarice goads the sordid heart,
Or cold Ambition prompts the strife;
It comes to whisper if I'm there,
'Tis but with thee each prize to share,
For Fame were not so precious to me,
Nor riches wealth, unshared with thee.

It comes to me when smiles are bright
On gentle lips that murmur round me,
And kindling glances flash delight

In eyes whose spell would once have bound me.
It comes—but comes to bring alone,
Remembrance of some look or tone,
Dearer than aught I hear or see,
Because 'twas worn or breathed by thee.

It comes to me where cloistered boughs
Their shadows cast upon the sod;
Awhile in Nature's fane my vows
Are lifted from her shrine to God;
It comes to tell that all of worth
I dream in heaven or know on earth,
However bright or drear it be,
Is blended with my thought of thee.

THE MYRTLE AND STEEL.

One bumper yet, gallants, at parting,
One toast ere we arm for the fight;
Fill round, each to her he loves dearest—
'Tis the last he may pledge her, to-night.
Think of those who of old at the banquet
Did their weapons in garlands conceal,
The patriot heroes who hallowed
The entwining of Myrtle and Steel!
Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill around to the Myrtle and Steel.

'Tis in moments like this, when each bosom
With its highest-toned feeling is warm,
Like the music that's said from the ocean
To rise ere the gathering storm,
That her image around us should hover.
Whose name, though our lips ne'er reveal,
We may breathe mid the foam of a bumper,
As we drink to the Myrtle and Steel.
Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that e'er loved a fair maid,
Fill around to the Myrtle and Steel.

Now mount, for our bugle is ringing
To marshal the host for the fray,
Where proudly our banner is flung
Its folds o'er the battle array:
Yet gallants—one moment—remember,
When your sabres the death blow would deal,
That MEXCY wears her shape—who's cherished
By lads of the Myrtle and Steel.
Then hey for the Myrtle and Steel,
Then ho for the Myrtle and Steel,
Let every true blade that ever loved a fair maid,
Fill round to the Myrtle and Steel.

ANACREONTIC.

Blame not the Bowl—the fruitful Bowl!
Whence wine, and mirth, and music spring,
And amber drops elysian roll,
To bathe young Love's delighted wing.
What like the grape O-iris gave
Makes rigid age so lithe of limb?
Illumines Memory's tearful wave,
And teaches drowning Hope to swim?
Did Ocean from his radiant arms
To earth another Venus give,
He ne'er could match the mellow charms
That in the breathing beaker live.

Like burning thoughts which lovers hoard
In characters that mock the sight,
Till some kind liquid, o'er them poured,
Brings all their hidden warmth to light—
Are feelings bright, which, in the cup
Though graven deep, appear but dim,
Till filled with glowing Bacchus up,
They sparkle on the foaming brim.

Each drop upon the first you pour
Brings some new tender thought to life,
And as you fill it more and more,
The last with fervid soul is rife.

The island fount, that kept of old
Its fabled path beneath the sea,
And fresh, as first from earth it rolled,
From earth again rose joyously;
Bore not beneath the bitter brine,
Each flower upon its limpid tide,
More faithfully than in the wine,
Our hearts will toward each other glide.
Then drain the cup, and let thy soul
Learn, as the draught delicious flies,
Like pearls in the Egyptian's bowl,
Truth beaming at the bottom lies.

SONG OF THE DROWNED

Down, far down, in the waters deep,
Where the blooming surges around us sweep,
Our revels from night till morn we keep:
And though with us the cup goes round
Upon every shore where the blue waves sound,
Yet here, as it passes from lip to lip,
Alone is found true fellowship;
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

What boots your pledges, ye sons of Earth;
Or to whom ye drink in your hours of mirth,
When gathered around your festal hearth?
Ye fill to love! and the toast ye give
Will hardly the fumes of your wine on live!
To friendship fail! and its tale is told,
Almost ere the pledge on your lip grows cold!
For only the Dead, where'er they range,
'Tis the Dead alone who never change.

Then come, when the 'bolt of death is hurled,'
Come down to us from that bleak, bleak world,
Where the wings of Sorrow are never furled;
Come, and we'll drink to the shades of the past;
To the hopes that mocked in life to the last;
To the lips and eyes we once did adore,
And the loves that in death can delude no more!
For the Dead, the Dead, wherever they range,
'Tis only the dead who never change.

LOVE AND FAITH.

'Twas on one morn in Spring-time weather,
A rosy, warm, inviting hour,
That Love and Faith went out together,
And took the path to Beauty's bower.
Love laughed and frolicked all the way,
While sober Faith, as on they ramble'd,
Allowed the thoughtless boy to play,
But watched him, whereso'er he gambol'd.

So warm a welcome, Beauty smiled
Upon the guests whom chance had sent her,
That Love and Faith were both beguiled
The grotto of the nymph to enter;
And when the curtains of the skies
The drowsy hand of night was closing,
Love nestled him in Beauty's eyes,
While Faith was on her heart reposing.

Love thought he never saw a pair
So softly radiant in their beaming;
Faith deemed that he could meet no where
So sweet and safe a place to dream in;
And there, for life in bright content,
Enchained, they must have still been lying,
For Love his wings to Faith had lent,
And Faith he never dream'd of flying.
But Beauty, though she liked the child,
With all his winning ways about him,

Upon his Mentor never smiled,
And thought that Love might do without him;
Poor Faith abused, soon sighing fled,
And now one knows not where to find him;
While mourning Love quick followed
Upon the wings he left behind him.

'Tis said, that in his wandering
Love still around that spot will hover,
Like bird that on bewildered wing
Her parted mate pines to discover;
And true it is that Beauty's door
Is often by the idler haunted;
But, since Faith fled, Love owns no more
The spell that held his wings enchanted.

I DO NOT LOVE THEE.

I do not love thee—by my word I do not!
I do not love thee—for thy love I sue not!
And yet, I fear, 'there's hardly one that weareth
Thy beauty's chains, who like me for thee careth:
Who joys like me when in thy joy believing—
Who like me grieves when thou dost seem but grieving.
But, though I charms so perilous eschew not,
I do not love thee—trust me that I do not!

I do not love thee!—pr'ythee why so coy, then?
Doth it thy maiden bashfulness annoy, then;
Sith, the heart's homage still will be up-welling,
Where Truth and Goodness have so sweet a dwelling!
Surely, unjust one, I were less than mortal,
Knelt I not thus before that temple's portal.
Others may dare to love thee—dare what I do not—
Then oh! let me worship, bright one, while I woo not!

CHANSONETTE.

They are mockery all, those skies!
Their untroubled depths of blue;
They are mockery all, these eyes!
Which seem so warm and true;
Each quiet star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
The other's lashes through.

They are mockery all, these flowers of Spring,
Which her airs so softly woo;
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay! it is mockery too.
For the winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the lips deceive to which we sue,
And love but leads to the sepulchre;
Which flowers spring to strew.

WITHERING—WITHERING.

Withering—withering—all are withering—
All of Hope's flowers that Youth hath nurs'd—
Flowers of Love too early blossoming;
Buds of Ambition, too frail to burst.
Faintly—faintly—oh! how faintly
I feel Life's pulses ebb and flow:
Yet Sorrow, I know thou dealest daintily,
With one who should not wish to live more.
Nay! why, young heart, thus timidly shrinking!
Why doth thy upward wing thus tire?
Why are thy pinions so droopingly sinking,
When they should only waft thee higher?
Upward—upward, let them be waving,
Lifting thy soul to'd her place of birth.
There are gourdons there more worth thy having—
Far more than any of these lures of Earth.

INSCRIPTION FOR A LADY'S FLORA.

Bright as the dew, on early buds that glisten,
Sparkle each hope upon thy flower-stem path;
Gay as a bird to its new mate that listens,
Be to thy soul each winged joy it hath;
Thy lot still lead through ever-blooming bowers,
And Time for ever talk to thee in flowers.

Adored in youth, while yet the summer roses
 Of glowing girlhood bloom upon thy cheek,
 And, loved not less when fading, there repose
 The lily, that of spring-time past doth speak.
 Never from Life's garden to be rudely riven,
 But softly stolen away from Earth to Heaven

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old,
 (And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt,)
 One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
 That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out!

But determined to send round the goblet once more,
 They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
 In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
 Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
 And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
 And which first had its birth from the oews of the morn,
 Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
 Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
 When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
 Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled while Venus looked on
 With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
 That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
 Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrantcy, shook,
 And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
 All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
 The herb whose aroma should flavor the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
 Though something yet wanting they all did bewail;
 But JULEPS the drink of immortals became,
 When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

I LIED IN WHAT I WRIT.

I lied in what I writ upon this page,
 Saying that more than now I could not love thee!
 Others, like me, may, at thy budding age,
 Hold every feeling in sweet vassalage
 Unto thy charms. But I—by all above me!—
 Will prove thee Suz'raine of my soul more nearly;
 When Time his arts shall 'gainst thy beauty wage,
 To break their serfdom—serving thee more dearly.

Mark how the Sunset, with its parting hues,
 The heaving bosom of yon river stanneth!
 To yield those tints the greiving waves refuse,
 Nor yet that purpling light at last will lose
 Till Night itself, like Death, above them reigneth!
 So more and more will brighten to the last,
 The light, which once upon my true soul cast,
 Reflected there, still true till death remaineth.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Swear ye for the glorious cause,
 Swear by Nature's holy laws
 To defend your Father-land.
 By the glory ye inherit—
 By the name mid men ye bear—
 By your country's freedom swear it—
 By the Eternal—this day swear!
 Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Fling abroad the starry banner,
 Ever live our country's honor,
 Ever bloom our native land.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Let the earth and heaven hear it,
 While the sacred oath we swear it,
 Swear to uphold our Father-land!

Wave, thou lofty ensign glorious,
 Floating foremost in the field,
 While thy spirit hovers o'er us
 None shall tremble—none shall yield.
 Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Fling abroad the starry banner,
 Ever live our country's honor,
 Ever bloom our native land.

Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Raise it to the Father spirit,
 To the Lord of Heaven rear it;
 Let the soul above earth expand.
 Truth unwavering—Faith unshaken,
 Sway each action, word, and will,
 That which man hath undertaken,
 Heaven can alone fulfill.
 Raise the heart—raise the hand,
 Fling abroad the starry banner,
 Ever live our country's honor,
 Ever bloom our native land.

SERENADE.

Sleeping! why now sleeping?
 The moon herself looks gay,
 While through thy lattice peeping;
 Wilt not her call obey?
 Wake, love, each star is keeping
 For thee its brightest ray;
 And languishes the gleaming
 From fire-flies now streaming
 Athwart the dewy spray.

Awake, the skies are weeping
 Because thou art away.
 But if of me thou'rt dreaming,
 Sleep, loved one, while you may;
 And music's wings shall hover
 Softly thy sweet dreams over,
 Fanning dark thoughts away,
 While, dearest, 'tis thy lover
 Who'll bid each bright one stay.

TO A WAXEN ROSE.

Go, mocking flower,
 Thou plastic child of art,
 Back to my lady's bower;
 Go and ask if thou,
 False rose, art proven now
 An emblem of her heart?

Tell her, that like thee,
 That heart's of little worth,
 However kind it be;
 Which any hand with skill
 May mould unto its will;
 Too pliant from its birth.

Go, cheating blossom,
 Scentless as morning dew,
 Go ask if in her bosom,
 Although love's bud may be
 As seeming fair as thee,
 It owns no fragrance too.
 But if fadeless, yet
 Like thee her love blooms on;
 Tell her—oh, ne'er forget
 To tell her, from my heart
 Affection will not part
 When all life's flowers are gone.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

Sparkling and bright in liquid light
 Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
 With hue as red as the rosy bed
 Which a bee would wish to dream in.
 Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting

As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.
 Oh! if Mirth might arrest the flight
 Of Time through Life's dominions,
 We here awhile would now beguile
 The grey-beard of his pinions
 To drink to-night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.
 But since delight can't tempt the wight,
 Nor fond regret delay him,
 Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
 Nor sober Friendship stay him,
 We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
 To loves as gay and fleeting
 As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
 And break on the lips while meeting.

WHAT IS SOLITUDE?

Not in the shadowy wood,
 Not in the rock-ribbed glen,
 Not where the sleeping echoes brood
 In caves untrod by men;
 Not by the sea-swept shore
 Where loitering surges break,
 Not on the mountain hoar,
 Not by the breezeless lake,
 Not on the desert plain
 Where man hath never stood,
 Whether on isle or main—
 Not there is Solitude!

There are birds in the woodland bowers,
 Voices in lonely dells,
 And streams that talk to the listening hours
 In earth's most secret cells,
 There is life on the foam-flecked sand
 By the ocean's curling lip,
 And life on the still lake's strand
 Mid the flowers that o'er it dip;
 There is life in the rocking pines,
 That sigh on the mountain's crest,
 And life in the courser's mane that shines
 As he scours the desert's breast.

But go to the crowded mart,
 Mid the busy haunts of men,
 Go there and ask thy heart,
 What answer makes it then?
 Ay! go where wealth is flinging
 Her golden lures around,
 Where the trump of Fame is ringing,
 Where Pleasure's wiles abound;
 Go—if thou wouldst be lonely—
 Where the phantom Love is wooed,
 And own that there—there only—
 Mid crowds, is Solitude.

ASK ME NOT WHY I SHOULD LOVE HER.

Ask me not why I should love her,
 Look upon those soul-full eyes!
 Look while mirth or feeling move her,
 And see there how sweetly rise
 Thoughts gay and gentle from a breast,
 Which is of innocence the nest—
 Which, though each joy were from it shred,
 By truth would still be tenanted!
 See from those sweet windows peeping,
 Emotions tender, bright, and pure,
 And wonder not the faith I'm keeping
 Every trial can endure!
 Wonder not that looks so winning
 Still for me new ties are spinning;
 Wonder not that heart so true,
 Keeps mine from ever changing too.

"THEY SAY THAT THOU ART ALTERED."

They say that thou art altered, Amy,
 They say that thou no more
 Dost keep within thy bosom, Amy,
 The faith that once it wore;
 They tell me that another now
 Doth thy young heart assail;
 They tell me, Amy, too, that thou
 Dost smile on his love tale.
 But I—I heed them not, my Amy,
 Thy heart is like my own;
 And still enshrined in mine, my Amy,
 Thine image lives alone:
 Whate'er a rival's hopes have fed,
 Thy soul cannot be moved
 Till he shall plead as I have plead,
 And love as I have loved.

CHANSONNETTE.

She loves—but 'tis not me she loves:—
 Not me on whom she ponders,
 When in some dream of tenderness
 Her truant fancy wanders.
 The forms that flit her visions through
 Are like the shapes of old,
 Where tales of Prince and Paladin
 On tapestry are told.
 Man may not hope her heart to win,
 Be his of common mould!
 But I—though spurs are won no more
 Where herald's trump is pealing,
 Nor thrones carved out for 'ladye fayre'
 Where steel-clank ranks are wheeling—
 I loose the falcon of my hopes
 Upon as proud a flight
 As those who hawked at high renown,
 In song-ennobled fight.
 If daring then true love may crown,
 My love she must requite!

SONG.

I know thou dost love me—ay! frown as thou wilt,
 And curl that beautiful lip
 Which I never can gaze on without the guilt
 Of burning its dew to sip.
 I know that my heart is reflected in thine,
 And, like flowers that over a brook incline,
 They toward each other dip.
 Though thou lookest so cold in these halls of light,
 'Mid the careless, proud, and gay,
 I will steal like a thief in thy heart at night,
 And pilfer its thoughts away.
 I will come in thy dreams at the midnight hour,
 And thy soul in secret shall own the power
 It dares to mock by day.

MORNING HYMN.

Genesis i. 3.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT!" The Eternal spoke,
 And from the abyss where darkness rode
 The earliest dawn of nature broke,
 And light around creation flow'd.
 The glad earth smiled to see the day,
 The first-born day come blushing in;
 The young day smiled to shed its ray
 Upon a world untouched by sin.
 "Let there be light!" O'er heaven and earth,
 The God who first the day-beam pour'd,
 Whispered again his fiat forth,
 And shed the Gospel's light abroad
 And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
 On rich and poor were meant to fall,
 Inspiring their Redeemer's praise
 In lonely cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the Orient first
 Flashes the signal light for prayer;
 Come with the earliest beams that burst
 From God's bright throne of glory there.
 Come kneel to Him who through the night
 Hath watched above thy sleeping soul,
 To Him, whose mercies, like his light,
 Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

MELODY.

When the flowers of Friendship or Love have decayed,
 In the heart that has trusted and once been betrayed,
 No sun-shine of kindness their bloom can restore;
 For the verdure of feeling will quicken no more!

Hope cheated too often, when life's in its spring,
 From the bosom that nursed it forever takes wing!
 And Memory comes, as its promises fade,
 To brood o'er the havoc that Passion has made.

As it's said that the swallow the tenement leaves
 Where the ruin endangers her nest in the eaves,
 While the desolate owl takes her place on the wall,
 And builds in the mansion that nods to its fall.

IMPROPTU TO A LADY BLUSHING.

The lilies faintly to the roses yield,
 As on thy lovely cheek they struggling vie,
 (Who would not strive upon so sweet a field
 To win the mastery?)
 And thoughts are in thy speaking eyes revealed,
 Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unsealed.

I could not wish that in thy bosom aught
 Should e'er one moment's transient pain awaken,
 Yet can't regret that thou—forgive the thought—
 As flowers when shaken
 Will yield their sweetest fragrance to the wind,
 Should, ruffled thus, betray thy heavenly mind.

I WILL LOVE HER NO MORE.

I will love her no more!—'tis a waste of the heart
 This lavish of feeling—a prodigal's part—
 Who heedless the treasure a life could not earn,
 Squanders forth where he vainly may look for return.

I will love her no more—it is folly to give
 Our best years to one, when for many we live.
 And he who the world will thus barter for one,
 I ween by such traffic must soon be undone.

I will love her no more—it is heathenish thus
 To bow to an idol who bends not to us: [aught,
 Which heeds not, which hears not, which reck's not for
 That the worship of years to its altar hath brought.

I will love her no more—for no love is without
 Its limit in measure, and mine hath run out.
 She engrosseth it all, and till some she restore,
 Than this moment I love her—how can I love more?

TIPPECANOE.

And let them shut their senses up
 Against the truth who can—
 The few who have the hardihood
 The general grief to ban:
 The nation mourns her President—
 His countrymen THE MAN!

He was a gallant gentleman,
 A noble and a true

As e'er fought under Washington,
 When first our eagle flew;
 Though many breathed throughout the land
 Where now there breathe so few.

Throughout the land which still can mourn
 Those men of other days,
 Albeit a dwarfed and dwindled race
 Would stint them of their praise;
 Would stint those hearts of generous blood
 Whose ways are not their ways.

His mind—it was a Patriot's mind!
 (The narrow-soul'd may start
 At what they cannot comprehend!)
In affluence of heart
He was so rich, it sent a glow
To every mental part.

His country, she was all to him,
 The man of days long past—
 Since first his youthful pulses stirred
 At Wayne's wild bugle blast,
 Till when he breathed in death for her
 That prayer which was his last.

Those dying words!—what charging cheer,
 When battling for the right,
 E'er broke from dying hero's lips
 Amid the reeking fight—
 What words more glorious than those
 Which sealed his speech that night!

He was a gallant gentleman,
 A noble and a true;
 The last, perchance, of that high race
 Which once the broad land grew—
 The primal growth which springs but once
 From out a soil that's new.

God's blessing on his memory then!
 God's malison on those
 Who'd tear the sod that covers him
 Before the greensward grows!
 Sleep on, old chief! thy countrymen
 Will guard thy last repose.

EPITAPH UPON A DOG.

An ear that caught my slightest tone
 In kindness or in anger spoken;
 An eye that ever watched my own
 In vigils death alone has broken;
 Its changeless, ceaseless and unbought
 Affection to the last revealing;
 Beaming almost with human thought,
 And more—far more than human feeling!

Can such in endless sleep be chilled,
 And mortal pride disdain to sorrow,
 Because the pulse that here was stilled
 May wake to no immortal morrow?
 Can faith, devotedness, and love,
 That seem to humbler creatures given
 To tell us what we owe above!
 The types of what is due to Heaven?

Can these be with the things that were,
 Things cherished—but no more returning;
 And leave behind no trace of care,
 No shade that speaks a moment's mourning?
 Alas! my friend, of all of worth,
 That years have stol'n or years yet leave me,
 I've never known so much on earth,
 But that the loss of thine must grieve me.

SONG OF BALT THE HUNTER.

'There was an old hunter camped down by the rill,
'Who fished in this water and shot on that hill;
'The forest for him had no danger nor gloom,
For all that he wanted was plenty of room.
Says he, "The world's wide, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

He wove his own mats, and his shanty was spread
With the skins he had dressed and stretched out over
head;

'The branches of hemlock, piled deep on the floor,
Was his bed as he sung when the daylight was o'er,
'The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

That spring, half choked up by the dust of the road,
Through a grove of tall maples once limpidly flowed;
By the rock whence it bubbles his kettle was hung,
Which their sap often filled, while the hunter he sung,
"The world's wide enough there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

And still sung the hunter—when one gloomy day
He saw in the forest what saddened his lay,
'Twas the rut which a heavy wheeled waggon had made,
Where the greensward grows thick in the broad forest
glade—

"The world's wide enough there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

He whistled to his dog, and says he, "We can't stay;
I must shoulder my rifle, up traps, and away."
Next day, mid those maples, the settler's axe rung,
While slowly the hunter trudged off as he sung,
"The world's wide enough, there is room for us all;
Room enough in the green wood, if not in the hall."
Room, boys, room, by the light of the moon,
For why shouldn't every man enjoy his own room?

WRITTEN IN SPRING-TIME

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
From winter's sleep!—
Bursting with voice of mirth
From icy keep;
And laughing at the Sun,
Who hath their freedom won,
Thy waters leap!

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
Freshly again,
And who by fireside hearth
Now will remain?
Come on the rosy hours—
Come on thy buds and flowers
As when in Eden's bowers,
Spring first did reign.
Birds on thy breezes chime
Blithe as in that matin time,
Their choiring begun:
Earth thou hast many a prime—
Man hath but one.

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth!
Freshly and new,
As when at Spring's first birth

First flow'rets grew.
Heart! that to Earth doth cling,
While boughs are blooming,
Why wake not too?

Long thou in sloth hath lain,
Lusting to Love's soft strain—
Wilt thou sleep on?
Playing, thou sluggard hear
In life no manly part,
Though youth be gone.
Wake! 'tis Spring's quick'ning breath
Now o'er thee blown;
Awake thee! and ere in death
Pluck but from Glory's wreath
One leaf alone!

INDIAN SUMMER, 1828.

Light as love's smiles the silvery mist at morn
Floats in loose flakes along the limpid river;
The blue-bird's notes upon the soft breeze borne,
As high in air she carols faintly quiver;
The weeping birch, like banners idly waving,
Bends to the stream, its spicy branches laving;
Beaded with dew the witch-elm's tassels shiver;
The timid rabbit from the furze is peeping,
And from the springy spray the squirrel's gaily leaping

I love thee, Autumn, for thy scenery ere
The blasts of winter chase the varied dyes
That gaily deck the slow-declining year;
I love the splendor of thy sunset skies,
The gorgeous hues that tinge each falling leaf,
Lovely as beauty's cheek, as woman's love too, brief;
I love the note of each wild bird that flies,
As on the wind she pours her parting lay,
And wings her loitering flight to summer climes away.

Oh, Nature! still I fondly turn to thee
With feelings fresh as e'er my childhood's were;—
Though wild and passion-tost my youth may be,
Toward thee I still the same devotion bear;
To thee—to thee—though health and hope no more
Life's wasted verdure may to me restore—
I still can, child-like, come as in prayer
I bowed my head upon a mother's knee,
And deemed the world, like her, all truth and purity.

OH BOLD AND TRUE.

Oh bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.
In fort or field,
Untaught to yield
Though Death may close his story—
In charge or storm,
'Tis won an's form
That marshals him to glory.
For bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier-lad that will fight for you.

In each fair fold
His eyes behold
When his country's flag waves o'er him—
In each rosy stripe,
Like her lip so ripe,
His girl is still before him.
For bold and true,
In buff and blue,
Is the soldier lad that will fight for you

A DISCOURSE ON THE EVILS OF GAMING.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPIN.

He that tilleth the land shall have plenty of bread : but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound with blessings : but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.—[Proverbs xxviii : 19, 20.]

I PROPOSE, in this discourse, to treat upon the vice of *Gaming*. And it will be well for us to define, in the commencement, what we mean by *Gaming*. We include, then, in our definition of this term, all games of hazard with cards, dice, balls and the like, for money and other valuable considerations. We do not wish to lengthen out our remarks by entering into minute specifications, or to involve our subject with nice and subtle casuistry. There is a well-defined meaning to this term, *Gaming*, which is understood by all, and we have just stated it.

Let me say farther, that however much or little a person may practise this vice, I condemn it utterly, as a principle—penny or six-penny stakes as much as the game where thousands hang balanced upon the trembling cast. Small as the amount may be, it is the door to an infinite abomination, and I cannot uphold the least trifling with firebrands, arrows and death. But I may be asked,—‘Would you do away with all playing with cards or dice, even when the game is entirely free from stakes?’ I answer, that I am aware that there is a narrow and superstitious idea about the handling of cards, that is idle and trivial; but I like not that the young especially, should use the instruments of gaming, in any way, however innocent. I like it not for the same reason that I like not the sipping of one draught of ardent spirits. Now, I do not suppose—nobody supposes—that there is any intrinsic harm in drinking one temperate draught of ardent spirits. But why does the Temperance pledge wisely prohibit it? Because *one* draught may kindle the inclination for *another*—because every drunkard had his *first draught*; and therefore, in order that no evil may come in, it is wisely forbidden even to introduce by one step: ‘Shut the door against its first overture,’ is the mandate—‘Touch not, taste not, handle not!’ So, especially to the young and the easily-tempted, I would say respecting cards, dice, and the like. Every Gamester had his *first game*—alas! it was not his *last*.

But, I repeat, I would not lengthen this dis-

course, or involve it with nice reasonings,—and therefore I shall, in the sequel, confine my remarks to games of hazard with cards, dice, balls and the like, for money or other valuable considerations.

Although, probably, *Gaming* is practised more extensively in some other portions of our country than here, it is a vice that is widely prevalent, and especially in large cities and their vicinities. At least, such are the facilities of the present day, that young men travelling abroad and mingling more or less with the world, are peculiarly exposed to its snares. My remarks, then, upon this topic, if not actually required now, by the circumstances of any who are present, may be useful in the future; while there may be those here who have entered upon its ruinous course who may be checked, and saved at least from the most appalling of its consequences. To these last, if there are any such here, let me say—I ask your close and candid attention to what may be submitted upon this subject. I would reason fairly upon the matter. If what I say is not true, or of force, you may be justified in suffering it to remain unheeded—but if I speak truly, I do beseech you to act as rational, candid men should act!

I. The first objection against this vice, which I would mention, rests on the fact that it is *an illegitimate and uncertain source of gain*.

Man is made to labor for his subsistence. ‘In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread,’ is no unmeaning mandate. True, it is not to be construed so narrowly, as that it shall be made to mean only the actual manual labor of all men. In the harmonious ordering of society, it is better for the whole that each should assume a particular kind of labor—should stand in a special lot; and thus the over-produce of one exchanged for the over-produce of another, supplies all requisite subsistence to the mass. Each member of the body discharges a different office from the other, but that office contributes to the good of the whole frame-work. So, he who stands in the mart, or flies the swift shuttle, or trims the white sail, or strives for man’s physical, intellectual or moral good, is fulfilling

the original ordinance of labor as truly as he who cleaves the virgin soil or fells the tall tree. But, we say, in one way or another, it is incumbent upon all men to labor.

Now, there are those who do not produce; and why? In the first place, they may live on the wealth which another has accumulated, and bequeathed to them. But here, you perceive, there *has been* labor. In order to this accumulation, there must have been effort---effort somewhere, by somebody; though the brain that contrived and the hand that wrought may now be mouldering in the grave. If independence has been secured to him by the wealthy man's father, or grandfather, it only shews that the heir is an exception to the general rule which his family has followed---and if he is a mere man of ease without labor, he is a most dishonorable exception. Moreover, another remark is certain. Without productive toil---without the effort that accumulates, that hereditary treasure must soon become wasted---that heaped-up property must, in a country like this, soon find its level; and the burden of toil will fall upon the descendants of the wealthy man, as it did upon his ancestors.

Or, secondly, a man may be exempt from labor, because of his titular power and property, as in Europe. But here this one class must live by unlawful exactions from another. The poor man's sweat must be poured out doubly, his sinews must be overstrained, in order to the rich baron's or lord's support---and thus this baron or lord is only exempt from the universal law of labor, by a manifestly unequal and unjust, although established rule.

Or, again, a man may be exempt from labor by appropriating that which is not his own to his own use. But robbery and fraud are crimes, and so it is only by being a criminal that a man, in this way, can be free from the human lot of toil.

Thus we see, whichever way we look, that the only legitimate means of accumulating gain is labor. The charm or talisman of fairy tales is a childish idea, but no more absurd than the idea that we can live, and live lawfully and truly, without toil---no more absurd than the idea that we can suddenly become rich, and spend the rest of our days in indolent ease, lapped in wealth. We cannot lawfully and naturally become rich without labor, either by our own brain, or those of our fathers---if we do, our wealth is our illegitimate product---it strains

something of the general order---it will not long remain so. For thus runs the great Law. 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

In view of these truths, how is it with gaming? Is that a legitimate source of wealth? Is it not based upon a craving desire to avoid the regular means of accumulation? Is it not a 'making haste to be rich'? Why do you pursue this course? In the first few instances, perhaps, merely for amusement; but the charm that soon winds itself around your heart, is the idea of becoming suddenly the possessor of a great sum. This is the leading cord that drags you far out into the vortex of ruin. I know the gamster's plea, after a while. It is, that he only plays to secure that which he has lost. But what led him at first to play thus deep---to lose thus heavily. The idea, I repeat, of becoming suddenly rich. Such heavy stakes were not thrown down so eagerly, so anxiously, without a hope of gain. The glittering hoard poured out there upon the table---flashing in the light---fired his heart with the thought that it might be his, and he laid down his stake with that fond hope. He entered, perhaps reluctantly, that gilded saloon. He would go to see how others played. 'There is no harm in that,' said he. He would, just to pass away an hour, put down a trivial stake. Said he---'There is no harm in that.' And then he turned to go away. But that yellow coin---so tempting, so bright; how easily it might be his! *Might* be? Surely! Did he not see, but now, lean, eager fingers sweeping it in, because of one lucky cast of the die? That hoard *might* be his. It would make him rich---free from care---free from labor; he will 'try.' That fatal trial! On that he loses. Then it is that the specious snare is completely twined around him, and he struggles in its toils. Then it is that he begins the trite, fallacious argument that he must make up what he has lost. Ah, says truth---'A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

Gaming, then, is an illegitimate source of gain. It is out of the usual round of labor, and, even if its object is reached, the gamster does not reach it naturally and lawfully. The hoard that the

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lucky gamester transfers to his own purse, is made up from the losses of others. Others have labored for it. It is stained with the tears of starving children—with the blood of broken hearts—with the sweat of honest men from whom it may have been wrung by robbery and fraud. It is unnatural that so much wealth should come, suddenly—by the falling of a piece of ivory, by the upturning of a slip of paper, by the course of a polished ball—into the possession of one man. It comes, drop by drop, with pangs of agony and death, from some other quarter to meet this supply!

But gaming is, likewise, an uncertain source of gain. Grant that the hoard which but now lay glittering upon the table, has become yours by the cast of the die. I say, it is an uncertain possession.

In the first place, it is uncertain because of that natural inclination which we all have to repeat a successful and gainful experiment. In lawful pursuits this feeling sometimes carries us to a great and even a fatal extent. The mariner who has pursued many voyages, and heaped up a splendid competency by his ventures, still thirsts for one more cruise—and, perhaps, leaves his bones to whiten on the floor of the sea, sprinkled with his wrecked and deceitful treasure. The merchant, tempted by one gainful speculation, tries another, and yet another; until the hazard which has gathered force with every new undertaking, turns against him with a whirlwind power and scatters his possessions from him forever. But in the lawful dealings of men there are certain fixed laws of trade that have in them, in the natural course of things, some pledge of security and success. But the gamester, with all this burning passion to try twice and thrice the fortune that has smiled upon him once, has not likewise this regularity and security to depend upon. His venture is confessedly 'a game of chance'—its charm lies in chance; and it is as uncertain where fortune will fall, upon the next throw, as it is where the up-tossed and scattered water-drops will make their bed. So, the natural desire in all men to try fortune again and yet again, blended with the peculiar circumstances of the gamester's case, makes his gain highly uncertain.

But, again—his gain is uncertain because he must conform to the rules of those with whom he associates, and which they please to term

honorable. If he has won from others, he must give them an opportunity of winning their own back, (that, remember, is one of his apologies for playing, that he must win his own back); and so he is launched again into the sea of hazard, from which, it is almost certain, he will come out wrecked and shorn.

But, we will suppose that he pockets his gain, and is fairly clear of the gaming-house—how will it be likely to prove then? Why, the old rule will, it is probable, be seen to be true. That which is lightly gotten will be lightly spent.—The value of that possession only, which has been *toiled for*, is truly felt. The hands that have ached with labor only know how to dispense the fruits of that labor with prudence. I venture to affirm that in nine cases out of ten the gamester's money is spent as easily as it is won—and he dies poor. For so I read the Ordinance. 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough.'

Honest labor—the furrowed land, the full-stored warehouse, the well-wrought fabric, the industrious hand, the busy brain; these, and these only are the legitimate and certain sources of wealth. The gamester is seeking riches unnaturally and unlawfully.

II. The second objection against the vice of Gaming which I would mention, is that it *begets neglect of business*.

If the accounts we receive of it be true, this is an absorbing and exciting pursuit. Once engaged in it, heart, soul, sense become enlisted, and all the duties of life are sacrificed to this dream of dreams. Its votary is spell-bound, and drawn along with no eyes or ears for aught else. Hence, business must suffer. The young man, who after the labors of the day are over, enters the gaming-house to try his fortune for an hour, is led on to try it for two hours—for three—for a whole night. Wan and haggard, with blood-shot eyes and swimming brain, how heavily does he discharge the duties of the succeeding day! His mind wanders back to the excitement of the past night—deluded and bewildered with dreams of sudden wealth—warped by the attendant dissipation of his games; and this is the young gamester's first essay. By and by he begins to encroach upon the hours of labor. The morning light breaks in upon his play;—the rays of high noon fall on the scattered cards the broken dice, the smeared tables, the haggard

faces of the gaming-room. Weeks succeed to days—months to weeks—years to months. What employer will retain him? What business will support him?

It is an Ordinance—a firm, fixed Ordinance—that only ‘he who tilleth his land, shall have plenty of bread’—only ‘the faithful man shall abound with blessings.’ The sunshine and the rain may fall upon that earth in which no seed has been sown, or upon which rankling weeds have been suffered to grow—the sunshine and the rain may fall there, but that earth will yield no harvest. The sails may be set from the proud ship’s masts, the compass may point duly to the north, and the chart be unrolled; but, unless a strong hand rests upon the helm and a master treads the deck, she rolls among the billows and drifts where the four winds send her. So with every faculty for success, and the light of promise in the soul, the man neglecting the lawful means of subsistence cannot expect to find those means working for him without his agency. If he neglects his business for the gaming-table, his business will neglect him. If instead of tilling his land he follows after vain persons, he ‘shall have poverty enough.’

And I say, launched full tide in the vice of gaming, he *does* neglect his business. It is a passion that grows upon him. It absorbs every other consideration. The surrounding world becomes reduced to a small intense centre before his wild, fixed eyes; and that centre is the gaming-table. Duty, honor, hopes of future subsistence, all, all are sacrificed upon this hot-burning altar of Moloch! Oh! there have been those who have rushed so madly into this ruin, it would seem as if the first draught they had quaffed there in that haunt of sin had been fiendishly drugged, and some burning insanity had fallen upon their brain. Possessed, perchance, of a handsome competency—with a full, firm credit, and the tide of business setting prosperously and fair—what means it that all at once they should neglect their usual labor, leave the hammer idle on the bench, the store uncared for, the office vacant? What means it that they should drain away that competency, handful after handful, without replenishing? What means it that they should let that credit tarnish and die?—that despite the remonstrance of friends, wife, children, parents, they should become fixed, chained, doomed to the gaming-table? Oh! this is a

most pernicious, a deadly evil. It leads to the neglect of every honorable source of competency and support—to loss of character, credit, business, means. It is true, true as the Bible, as reason and common-sense are true that, ‘He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound in blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.’

III. Another objection lies against Gaming *because of the vices which are likely to accompany it.*

‘He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.’ Forsaking the appointed means of labor, in order to secure the desired end, means unnatural and unlawful will, it is quite probable, be resorted to. The inducement that will lead a man to neglect his business and to waste his property, even the sustenance of his wife and children, may draw him still further from the path of rectitude and moral obligation. The young man who from spending an hour at the gaming-table advances to spend the night, and then to encroach upon the hours due his employer, will, very possibly, be led to encroach upon that employer’s property—in short, from being *unjust* may become *dishonest*. This is no wide, or unusual leap. I venture to affirm that the passion for gaming has led many to be dishonest. What! will he who can wrench the very crust from his starving family, and pawn the bed from under them, and rush out, despite their payers and tears, to throw the paltry stake, that the articles have procured upon the gaming-board—will such a man spare the property of another, think you, when opportunity aids?—He who can thus deaden the sentiments of affection and duty, will suffer the unholy flame that burns within him to scorch up every feeling of honor and probity. All, all will be sacrificed to this intense, absorbing excitement. The vice of dishonesty, then, will very naturally accompany that of Gaming.

Then there is intemperance. How many have been led to drink deep and fiercely, in the thirst of intense passion kindled in this pursuit! The gamester and the drunkard—how often joined in one individual! Disappointment, rage, despair—all seek to drown their fires in the intoxicating draught, that reinforces and doubly heats them. Temptingly, too, to the young man—to

the novice, reluctant, fearful, abashed—temptingly is the wine-cup proffered to his lips, that in a season of false hardihood and self-forgetfulness he may hazard the fatal die. In all the degrees and mutations of Gaming, from the fearfulness of the first trial, through the eagerness and excitement of hope, the flush of triumph, and the frenzy of despair, intemperance is a vice that naturally, very naturally accompanies it.

Slothfulness and extravagance are also kindred vices to Gaming. That, as I have said before, which is lightly won is apt to be lightly spent. The day is past in indolent or feverish rest, in order to throw off the fatigues of one campaign, and to recruit for those of another.—Credit is strained to its utmost tension—debts are contracted that involve and harass through life. Evil associations and intimacies are formed. The profane, the lewd, the deeply vicious, of both sexes, hover around the gaming-house and draw and entangle and corrupt the soul. And then the heart becomes callous to misery—used to scenes of despair and blood; trained to selfishness—to grasp and to give nothing—to suspect all and confide in none.

Oh! truly is the gaming-house denominated 'Hell.' It is a hell. Could those trained features express the wild and tumultuous passions of the heart—could those passions themselves become embodied—rage, despair, hate, deceit, could they take shape and hover, ghostly, there—could the oaths that break out, linger and prolong their echoes—could the victims of that ruin stagger in with their gory locks and blood-shot gaze, and wild, delirious execrations—could the curses of parents, the wail of broken-hearted wives, the sobs of destitute orphans, the groans of the defrauded and the robbed, speak out from an hundred lips; could all these mingle with the lights and the laughter of the gaming-table, what a Pandemonium would there be! What gamester would not turn pale, and sink amid the scene!

And yet look in upon one of these Hells.—There are order and a precise outward propriety, to be sure. There are beaming lamps, and ruddy wine 'moving itself aright' in the crystal cups, and gay ornaments and appendages to make the room showy and attractive. And those who sit there, forsooth, are *gentlemen*—they call themselves so, and who can dispute it? They have a nice, a very nice sense of honor; yea,

would pink you with pistol ball or sword point if you should doubt it, and write their *honor* in your blood. All this show and extreme decency is in the gaming-house. Yet what a motley group is there. All kinds of men, from the keen, tried sharper, with double card and loaded dice to the inexperienced, beardless youth.—There, worn-out libertinism, with excitement and with drink still fans the smouldering flame of licentious passion. There bloated dissipation clutches the die with trembling hands, or sweeps in the forfeited stakes. There hoary profanity fiercely clenches an oath with hands that have reeked with blood—in an *honorable* way. There cunning fraud sits demure in all save that keen, rapacious glance, that, fastened upon its victim, evinces that it will have his last coin though with it comes his last heart-drop too. There sits the man who plays his final stake, raised, perhaps, upon his family bible. Mark him.—That wild, distracted look—that fever-spot upon a pale, pale cheek—that convulsed lip and brow He loses! He staggers out to end his days by his own hand! Another loses. He goes to maltreat and wound the hearts that still, still cling to him around his desolate hearth. The oaths, the laughter, the varied faces peering here and there—Oh, draw the veil, it is indeed a hell!

No dream-sketch this, my friends. Paris, London, New Orleans, New-York,—must we say Boston, too?—could they strip off the happy disguise in which they slumber and lay bare the heart of sin, would show scenes *worse* than these.

Thus, gaming brings with it other and deadly vices. 'The faithful man shall abound with blessings, but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.' Who is addicted to this vice? Deeply as he may be involved in it, I trust he is yet unscathed by any of the fearful evils that almost invariably accompany it. It is time, however, that he should awake from this awful, night mare sleep. It is time—full time! I fear for him. The words of the text are so *definite*—so *positive*. 'He that maketh haste to be rich,' it says 'shall not mark that *'Shall not be innocent.'* Let him beware! Let him awake from his delusion!

IV. Finally,—let me mention the fearful objection that lies against the vice of Gaming, in the amount of individual and domestic evil that it inflicts.

This is a result that flows, of course, from the facts already mentioned. Unlawful pursuits

neglect of business, vices of various kinds and in various degrees, *must* cause much individual and domestic evil. And these are the natural, we may say almost the inseparable consequences of Gaming.

How a man's soul, strong and vigorous and pure as it may have been in the outset of his career, must become marred and darkened debased by associations like these! The physical injuries that this pursuit works upon him, the derangement and prostration of his bodily energies, caused by intense excitement, unnatural vigils, over-wrought anxiety, intemperance and strife; the physical injuries, I say, great as they are, in comparison with other evil effects, appear a slight matter. Even the ruin of his business, and the waste and wreck of his property, shrink beside these greater consequences. The injuries he inflicts upon his *soul* the marring and crushing of fine and delicate sympathies—the callousness of the heart—the deadening of conscience—affection and duty all madly sacrificed; these, *these* are consequences of the gamester's course that sicken and appal the loving and the good, and should make the tempted stand back in horror from that gulf. I do not exaggerate here. This is not the license of rhetoric the zeal of declamation. Young men have been ruined, often, often ruined by the vice of Gaming! And when we looked upon them, the greatest wo, after all, was not that health was gone, was not that property was wrecked; but that the affectionate heart was changed, changed to cold, stony ice—the tender sense of honor lost—the pure aspiration stifled by low, groveling, unholy appetite. Oh, *this* we felt, was the deepest evil of all! How has the mother looked on such a son,—her proud, her only son; who went forth with a good, strong heart to battle with life's destinies for life's great ends! She hoped to see him one day, with his sparkling eye and his flushed cheek, come home laden with the proofs of his toil and his victory. And he *did* come home. Oh, how changed! His frame worn—his cheek pale, very pale—his eye wild and fevered—his lips parched and steeped in inebriety; his hopes crushed; his very life only the motion of excitement and of passion; his very soul shattered, so that if the music of affection still lingered there, it quivered uncertain and discordant upon its strings. And, then, the burden and concentration of all these evils

rest in the spirit's alienation from religion, from duty from God—in its divorce from the things that make for its peace—in its moral abandonment and deep sinfulness—in its sure heritage of misery and retribution.

Are not these great evils—common evils—evils naturally flowing from the vice of gaming, with its attendant allurements and vices?

But consider, also, the domestic evil that this vice inflicts. Who can estimate it? Who can speak of it in its fulness and its depth? Who can, or who could wish to, if they could, draw with a faithful hand the lone home of the gamester—the desolate family, the bleeding heart, the tears, the misery? Driven to the extreme verge of destitution—nothing spared for comfort or decency—all swallowed up in this absorbing frenzy! Degrees these are in this misery—yet, how gloomy each, and how fearfully do the shadow of the future fall upon the present! Would the gamester unlock the springs of his heart that he has pressed down as with iron—would he suffer memory and reflection to do their work, what *pictures* of his domestic life might they paint for him! The first in the series should be one of calm bliss and joy. Not a cloud in the heaven, save those tinged and made beautiful by hope. The eyes of love looking out upon him—the dependence of a trustful heart, leaning upon him its all. Then the scene would change.

A tearful and deserted wife—a sobbing, piteous child—keeping watch with the lone night-lamp, till the breaking of the morning. Again, and haggard misery would creep into the picture, adding the keenness of deprivation to the sting of grief—pressing heavily upon the bowed, crushed spirit of that wife—mingling the drought of slighted, abused affection with the tears of starved and shivering childhood—piercing her ear, at once, with the moans for bread and the curses of disappointed brutality. Once more, and there should be a GRAVE!—a green and lowly grave—where the faithful heart that loved him to the last should rest from all its pangs, and the child that he had slighted should sleep as cold and still as the bosom that once nourished it; a *grave!* where even the wide and distant heaven should be kinder than he, smiling in sunshine and weeping in rain over those for whom he, in his mad career, never smiled or wept—whom he, in his reckless course, hurried thus early to their tomb.

Pictures like these, I say, might memory and reflection paint for the gamester, for scenes like these occur every day, in his *real life*.

Thus, to the individual, and to the domestic circle, does this one vice of Gaming bring deep and deadly evils. I might go on with the catalogue. I might show its effects upon community; a topic, with its statistics and its reasonings, bulky and important enough at least for one discourse; but I must pause here. I trust that I have said enough at this time to convince any who will be convinced, of the many and great evils of Gaming. I have not particularly alluded to the professed gamester, whose subsistence depends upon his skill and sharpness, and who hardened and emboldened in sin, fastens like a vampire upon the inexperienced and unwary. I leave him with the perpetrators of other dark and heinous crimes. But I speak to the dupes of men like these—especially to those who are young; who with energy and hope are going out into the world rejoicing in their strength. I bid them beware. I bid them look closely to their steps. Play not for the value of a pin—this matter may hang upon a pin's point! Harbor not even in so small a degree as that, this passion for gain in an unnatural way. Labor, honorable toil, gain won in the sweat and dust of industry—be this course yours. With the keen, bright sickle, or with the skilful and ready hand, or with active eye, or busy brain, live and work and reap your harvest. In such a course you shall never fail. In others, every step you take is fraught with evil. A great promise brightens upon the one—a fearful threatening shadows the other. Hear them, and heed them. 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

Suffer me, in closing, to indulge in one other strain of remark. I would say that the motives which will effectually deter men from the vice of gaming, or reform those addicted to it, will spring from a religious view of the matter.—When they reflect upon the true ends of life, upon the purpose of all its gifts and opportunities, upon the objects for which we should labor and live, when they reflect, I say, upon these things, with a steadfast, solemn, searching earnestness—and act upon them; they will cast away the implements of their unlawful pursuit, they

will shun the gaming-house as the pavilion of death, and act and aim for those things that lead to Duty and Heaven and God.

But, my friends, should we pause here with the gamester, or with those tempted by the vice of gaming? Whatever may be our occupation, so long as we pursue courses that do not comprehend, as their result, the great end of life—that do not employ the gifts and opportunities of existence in a proper manner—that do not aim for Duty and Heaven and God—we need to be aroused, to change our course, and to act. If we are hazarding opportunities and gifts and faculties for mere earthly and sensual gain, what are we but gamesters, all? If we are playing for wealth, or pleasure, or fame, instead of living for another life—instead of seeking that we may grow like Christ, and come to the perfect stature of men and women in him—it is time that we should labor for higher destinies. We may apply the text with a deeper significance, if we will. 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread'—his *land*—his *possession*—his *soil*; what nobler possession, what richer soil than that of the human soul?—what *bread* more enduring than that 'which cometh down from Heaven?' He that cultivateth his *soul*, then—that openeth it to the sunshine and the rains of Grace—that letteth immortal seed drop therein, and anxiously toils and watches for the harvest—'shall have plenty of bread,' of eternal fruit. 'But he that followeth after vain persons,' or *vain things*—how differ they?—'shall have poverty enough;' shall have leanness and barrenness and deadness of moral and religious life. So, too, 'a faithful man shall abound with blessings'—a *faithful man*—a man faithful to his Duty, to *all* his Duty: 'but he that maketh haste to be rich—he that is eager in unlawful pursuits, or in the career of mere human pleasure, wealth, fame—'shall not be innocent;' shall not be free from the accusations of conscience and the claims of Duty—shall be found sinful and guilty.

Thus, my friends, can the text have a meaning for us all. Let us heed it—let us be tillers of the land—let us be faithful men and women. For 'He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough. A faithful man shall abound with blessings: but he that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent.'

SUMMER MORNING.

BY CHARLES LANMAN, ESQ.

— Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain-tops.

Shakspeare.

Awake! slumbering, awake! Morning is come,
bright and beautiful. What a gorgeous crown
is that which she is twining in the brow of de-
parting night! The crowing of the cock comes
to my ear most sweetly, from the hamlet beyond
the vale. Hark! he is answered by another in
the east—and still another from the south.

They have roused old William Wood from his
peaceful slumber and pleasant dreams. There
he stands in the door of his cottage, not quite
awake, looking out upon the sky. I wonder
what he is thinking of! I can almost hear him
murmur to himself as he goes to the well—'We
shall have a fine day after all; and I must mow
the field beyond the hill, before the sun goes
down.' Old William, thou art indeed a happy
man! Your industry and contentment have a
more salutary influence on my heart than I have
ever gathered from books. The unruly passions
of men, do not affect you, and while conscious
of your Maker's approbation, perfect happiness
seems to be your lot. Live on my friend, and
'build your hope on heaven.' O, that I were
not doomed to live a life so unlike that I love,
so unlike your own!

But the echo of the poet's words are in my
ear;

'Tis not too late,
For the turtle and her mate
Are setting yet in rest,
And the throistle hath not been
Gathering worms yet on the green,
Bat attends her nest.

Not a bird hath sought her young
Nor the morning lesson sung
In the shady grove;
But the nightingale i' the dark
Singing, woke the mounting lark;
She records her love.

The sun hath not with his beams
Gilded yet the crystal streams,
Rising from the sea;
Mists do crown the mountain tops
And each pretty myrtle drops;

'Tis but newly day.

William Browne.

The sun is up, and the earth, like a slumber-
ing bride is awakened by his first warm kiss.—
How gracefully the mists roll upward from the
lake! Slowly and gradually the beasts awake

and lounge along to their respective stalls to
meet the giver of their food. The trusty farmer
disappoints them not, but meets them with a
healthy glow and smile upon his cheeks. The
frugal wife is busy in her dairy—arranging her
well-filled milk pans, and 'working her fresh,
sweet butter. The boys and girls are engaged
in their respective duties, while the babe is still
asleep in the cradle. The lark springs from her
retreat and strains her little throat in singing
praises to her glorious Creator.

With gold the verdant mountain glows;
More high the snowy peaks with hues of rose.
Far stretched beneath the many tinted hills,
A mighty waste of mist the valley fills—
A solemn sea, whose vales and mountains round
Stand motionless, to awful silence bound;
A gulf of gloomy blue, that opens wide,
And bottomless, divides the mighty tide,
Like leaning masts of stranded ships appear
The pines, that near the coast their summits rear;
Of cabins, woods, and lawns a pleasant shore,
Bounds calm and clear, the chaos, still and hoar
Loud through the midway gulf ascending, sound
Unnumbered streams with hollow roar profound;
Mount through the nearer mists, the chant of birds,
And talking voices, and the low of herds,
The bark of dogs, the drowsy tinkling bell,
And wild-wood mountain lutes of saddest swell.'

O, Wordsworth! how my heart blesses thee for
such strains as these!

Morning,—beautiful morning, with thy smiles,
thy golden hair, and fragrant breath, I love thee
more tenderly than I do thy dusky sister—Even-
ing. It is true there is a melancholy pleasure
in watching the shadows which attend her com-
ing, because they remind me of joys that are
past, of the absent and loved, of boyhood with
its sighs and fears. But thou, O Morning! thou
fillest my soul with hope, and my heart with
gladness. Thy presence upon the earth is wel-
comed by a thousand strains of melody. The
trees, when fanned by thy soft breezes, whis-
per their enjoyment. The mountain rivu-
let bounds from its rocky home more joyful than
it did when night was upon the earth. The birds
too, which were then so silent, are now singing
their sweetest songs for thee. Unitedly, they
all proclaim the truth, that thou art 'beau-
tiful exceedingly!'

How carelessly do the cattle wander from
home, cropping the luxuriant grass as they pass
along. About noon the cows and heifers will
have found a cool resting-place in the shade of

the woods, or under the willow in some wet meadow. The sheep too, will probably spend the day on some green and sunny lawn, where they can gambol and feed, unmolested by any noise or worrying dogs.

Here comes an humble bee, with gauzy wings and golden vestment! How beautiful! What a pleasant companion he is, when we are wandering over the fields, and through the woodlands! I love his murmuring hum, for it is the language of his kind, and to my ear, sweeter than the sweetest strain of written poetry. How he balances himself in the air, almost within my reach. 'My home,' he seems to be telling me, 'is in the hollow of an old stump, which bends over a streamlet, about three miles away. There are no trees near by, to cover it with their shadows, so that it is gilded by the first and last sunbeam of every clear day. It is a quiet secluded place, and so remote from any farm house, that the crowing of the cock, the bleating of sheep and the laugh of the husbandman's children, are heard only as a dying echo. Sometimes, however, the hay-maker, while wielding his scythe, comes within a few paces of my stump, and if I chance to be at home, and he hears my hum, he pauses in his work, and looks around as if intending to rob me of my honey. Occasionally too, three or four cows come to the brook, to drink, while they stand for hours, belly-deep in the water, to escape the tormenting flies.

'The crown which you behold upon my head, is the symbol of my rank. I am the king of the largest and most powerful tribe of the bee race. My kingdom is comprised of every field and meadow which is watered by the brook flowing beneath my home. That brook, I believe, is the most beautiful in the world. Ducks with glassy green breasts are floating there; and little boys fish for minnows in its crystal waters. Many too, are the spotted trout that flourish there; and often do I poise myself on the petals of a lily, and watch them as they swim about, now chasing each other, and now darting at some floating insect. Countless are the rich flowers that blossom, and countless the birds that breed and sing in my dominion. Many and lovely are the cottages that rise on every side. The——. But I must away, for I have much to do, before the sunshine drinks up the dew'

But who are these coming across that field bearing upon their shoulders, rakes, forks, and scythes? They are the mowers who intend improving the sunshine now streaming upon the earth. Before night, yonder field will be dotted by many a cock of sweet clover hay. Hear them as they sharpen their already sharp instruments. How they swing their arms with the measured strokes of a pendulum! Rasp—rasp—rasp—How the grass and flowers fall before them! 'What havoc have they made! how many fair daughters of the field have they prostrated! what hidden homes have they laid bare! haunts of the bird and field-mouse unroofing the snug dwelling and leaving their little ones exposed to the covetous glances of the nesting boys. How like life are the flowers of the field! we gaze upon them as they fall before the scythe, and exclaim, 'Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth, for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone.'

See, how the morning zephyr is sporting with the leaves of that birch tree, and with the thick hazel bushes beside that fence. It is the breath of the Earth, and upbears upon its bosom the dear little birds. How brilliant their plumage! how their eyes sparkle! how sweetly do they sing! To inhale the pure air of heaven is their greatest luxury. Here, in this nest above me, the red-breasted robin is feeding her little ones; there on that decayed tree the woodpecker is hammering away with his thick bill, ever and anon uttering a loud scream, as if he wished to make *all* the noise; within a few feet of me, a mocking bird is chattering loudly, mocking not only his companions, but myself too, as if he thought me an old fool; among the clouds the lark is pouring out the music of her heart; all, all the birds are out under the open sky enjoying their daily holiday.

The clouds—are they not magnificent, those morning clouds floating so silently in the calm ocean of the sky? They are forever changing, and every moment become still more beautiful. It would seem as if God had traced them with his own hand, that man might have a faint conception of the poetry of heaven. It may be they are the vehicles which angels employ when they wish to hover over our world, to weep

for the wickedness of man, or rejoice at the triumph of virtue. It is indeed a charming superstition that would people the sky and the air and clouds with 'beings brighter than have been.' For my part, this would be a cheerless and sorrowful world, were it not that I can at times go out of myself, in imagination, and hold sweet converse and have fellowship with such beings. If the sordid and selfish among my fellows laugh at me because I love the clouds and the feelings they inspire—I would ask why it is that God has made them? Why do they meet our sight at morning, noon and evening? Give me a reasonable answer to this, ye worldly and then I will acknowledge that it is folly to love the workmanship of God. I love the clouds because they are the shadows of heavenly glories.

The flowers;—are they not the smiles of earth? But if this is true, why is it that they are weeping, when every thing around is so bright and joyful? 'Tis but the dew of heaven, in which they have been bathing all the night long. Here, at my feet, a little blue-bell lies prostrate upon the damp earth. Some lazy ox has crushed it beneath his tread. I cannot—no I would not banish the thought—it reminds me of a much loved sister, who was the companion and play-mate of my boyhood. It reminds me of her, because

Her spring was like the springing flower
That sips the early dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek
Just opening to the view.
But love had, like the canker worm,
Consummed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She died before her time.

Mallet.

There is a deeper philosophy in the language of flowers than is generally supposed. Its foundation is based upon a motive more important than mere amusement. The life of every flower that ever bloomed, has power to bring instruction and pleasurable feelings to the human heart. I love them, not because of their beauty alone, but because they always remind me of a kind and merciful Creator. I love them, because they are the stars in the green firmament of earth.

How glorious do these distant mountains appear in the sunlight, as they recede from the deep bosom of yonder valley, 'like the subsiding waves of the ocean after a storm!' One of them, like a warrior clad in mail, is wooing the

virgin sky. Mountains! valleys! How does the heart leap at the mention of their very names. How exalted and soul-subduing the feelings they inspire! How many and various! how grand, gorgeous and beautiful the scenes which pass before the mind, as we muse upon them! Did they not exist, how monotonous would be the scenery of the earth! Mountains! With them are associated—steep frowning rocks and precipices, unfathomable chasms and laughing waterfalls, —vapours and clouds—storms of thunder and lightning—eagles, and goats, and daring hunters—darkness—the fearful avalanche, and plains of perpetual snow. Because they are seldom enlivened, by comfortable abodes, too barren to be furrowed by the plough, it might at first view be supposed that they are useless features in the landscape, and unprofitably encroaching on the fertility and beauty of the plain. Experience and research, however, have unfolded to us their advantages. They are the sources of springs and rivers. 'Their vast masses—attract the clouds, and receive in the form of rain, hail, snow,—the moisture with which the atmosphere is charged, even when the plains below are parched with summer drought; and hence the irregular and mountainous surface of the earth is veined over with a multitude of rills, brooks and rivers, whose waters by a wonderful species of circulation, flow to the place whence they come—that mighty and ever beating heart—the ocean. Were the earth a dead level, or slightly undulating, innumerable evils would result from the stagnant lakes and vast marshes which would cover its surface. Disease and death would soon subdue it. Animal and vegetable life would languish; cultivation would scarcely exist; and instead of luxuriant and varied scenery, we should behold only a cheerless mixture of level land and turbid water. Were it not for mountains we should have no rivers to fertilize the earth, and bear upon their bosoms, into the hearts of continents, the manufactures and productions of foreign countries. They exercise a salutary influence upon climate, for in their solitary fastness many of the most purifying winds originate. They are the bulwarks which Nature has reared to shield her valleys from the fierce Northern blasts, or mitigate the solar heat—affording shelter from its influence. In the extensive forests that enoble those of our land, grow the rarest and most valuable bo-

tanical curiosities. They are the almost sole repositories of minerals, and those rare metals so valuable to man, and necessary to the arts of civilization; the diamond that glitters in the kingly diadem, and that gold which is the supreme earthly desire of the human race. They have, from time immemorial been the nurseries of patriotism, the abodes of industry, economy, patience and every hardy virtue. The rugged mountaineer has always been the first in righteous war, and the first to sign the declaration of peace when the rights of his country were established. It was in the wild recesses of the mountains of Judea and Galilee, that the afflicted followers of our Saviour found refuge from their enemies, and when they worshipped in peace the God of their fathers. How dear to the christian are the associations connected with Calvary, Sinai and the mount of Olives!

They are the gardens of the world—broad and fertile. Crystal streams wind through them perpetually. How beautiful they are, when from their deep bosoms the songs of husbandmen, mingle with the lowing of cattle and the chime of bells, while the eye rests calmly upon comfortable hamlets, cultivated fields and smiling villages! How lovely too when reposing in their original luxuriance! while in their solitude, resound the tramp of the free wild horse, the music of singing, and are seen herds of deer, feeding beside the buffalo, and the smoke curling upward from the lonely conelike dwelling place of the poor Indian! How delightful to an American are the associations connected with the valleys of our land!—those of the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Connecticut! Their productions are transported to every quarter of the globe. They are the homes of Peace, Plenty and Contentment.

Hark! do you not hear at intervals a sound as of a distant waterfall! Through the long still night that same cataract has been 'blowing his trumpet from the steep.' On the approach of the morning the sound seemed to die away, so that now you can hear it only in the pauses made by the singing birds. But the brooklet and river that are near, glide past me as loudly and joyfully as ever. O, I love the music of the bounding streams, for they remind me of the happy laugh of innocent childhood. 'But who the melodies of morn can tell! Alas! it is not in the power of words, but when once heard their echo will never pass away.

From time immemorial, poets have likened the beginning of life to the beginning of day, and how true and beautiful is the comparison. Morning is generally attended by sunshine, and earth rejoices in its youthfulness. So do hope and innocence bring gladness to the heart of childhood. The former is sometimes darkened by storm, and so does misfortune sometimes spread its dark shadow over the lovely and the young.

I never come forth to enjoy the bustling music of this hour, or breathe its wholesome air and gaze upon its unnumbered beauties, without *feeling* most deeply the existence of a Supreme Being. The infidel *pretends* to disbelieve this truth, but he does not in reality. In the silent watches of the night, when he is alone and wakeful, like the lost in hell, he believes and trembles. There is a God! The flowers of the valley, and the oaks upon the mountain bless him. Earth with her thousand voices, the sun and moon and stars, all proclaim the eternal truth—there is a God! He is infinite in holiness, in power and love. Man with his boasted intellect cannot comprehend him. His dwelling place is the universe, and eternity is his lifetime. Who is it that regulates the beating pulses of eight hundred millions of human beings? Who is it that holds the earth in the hollow of his hands? It is God. Go down into the cold blue halls of ocean, and you will find Him there! Go to the regions of the sun, and you will find him there. His frown penetrates the deepest hell, and the heaven of heavens is illumined by his smile. Ask the poor lonely widow, who it is that brings gladness to her desolate hearth, and she will answer—God.—Ask the oppressed orphan who is his best friend; or the Gospel minister who it is that crowns his labors with success;—and they will answer—God. Ask the nations of the earth who it is that gives them peace, prosperity and happiness, and you will hear the echo of God's name in every valley beneath the sun.

I have been thinking what a magnificent series of pictures might be seen by a man standing on the highest peak of the Alleghanies, provided his vision was bounded only by the surrounding seas. Looking towards the source of the Mississippi, he might see the elk and the deer, and the bear rise from their dewy couches, and quench their thirst in its pure waters.

How sublime too would that Father of rivers appear, rolling onward through solitary woods, smiling valleys, and by the battlements of splendid cities, until it emptied itself in the lap of Mexico, with every tree and pinnacle upon its borders glittering in the beams of the rising sun.

Or looking to the west, he would see in some deep valley of the Rocky Mountains, the Indian on his bridleless steed, in full pursuit after the buffalo. While dashing through thicket and stream, or over the plains, the shout of the hunter would startle the eagle from his eyrie. A moment more, and they are gone, and in their path no sound is heard but the dropping dew.

Turning south, his eye would rest with pleasure upon the boundless fields of cotton and rice, gleaming in the sun, like snow; or upon hills and plains waving with the palm, the magnolia, the lemon and the orange tree. At the remotest corner of his country, he would behold stationed at its southern threshold, a noble city, the seeming guardian of her inland treasures.

And turning to the east, his eye would linger long on the Atlantic ocean, with the gorgeous cities and towns and villages on its western shore. A thousand floating palaces would meet his gaze, passing to and fro over its sleeping waves. Coming from every land under the sun they would glide into their destined havens; those havens teeming with business and life and joy. 'Tis but a dream,' he would exclaim; but the recollection of his country's greatness would banish such a thought, and he would again exclaim—'a reality indeed!'

What land, O morning, hast thou ever visited more beautiful and glorious than America? Dear native land! I love every mountain and valley and river and tree and flower, that rest upon thy bosom, and smile beneath thy skies.

On the sixth morning of creation, when God called into being an immortal soul, how fresh,

how lovely beyond conception, must the earth have appeared to him! Was not that the hour, when the birds sung their first hymn in praise of their Creator? On that morning too, when Noah looked from the ark, and saw the waters subsiding, who can conceive the feelings with which he watched its advancement? As the tops of the mountains rose above the water, the rising sun dried them with his beams. The long night of desolation and wo was ended; the clouds that had obscured the sky were passed away, and it was now pure and tranquil as heaven itself. But enough. As the beauties of morning soon come to an end, though destined to return again, so must my rambling essay.—As a reward for the reader's kindness, however, in reading it, I would quote the following unequalled lines, describing a summer Sabbath morning in the country. They are by a dear poet, and their burthen ought to be long remembered, for they have power to refine the heart:—

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hush'd
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of teded grass, mingled with faded flowers
That yester-morn bloomed, waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear, the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calinness sits throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him, who wandereth o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellow from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the glad some lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the babbling brook
Courses more gently down the deep worn glen;
While from yon lowly roof, where curling smoke
O'er mounts the mist is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms—the simple song of praise.

With dove-like wings, peace o'er yon village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse set free,
Unheeded of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

Graham.

"MAKE ROOM FOR POSTERITY."

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

The editor of the Baltimore Clipper, in reply to a correspondent using the signature 'Posterity,' says, 'we make room for Posterity.'

Well, just what our brother does, has been done before from time immemorial. Cain wandered to 'make room for posterity.' Israel sojourned in the desert and possessed Canaan to 'make room for his posterity.' Æneas the pious wandered into Italy to 'make room for posterity.' Penn gathered the people of his faith together, and sat peaceably down on the Banks of the Delaware, to 'make room for posterity.' Men are elbowed from cities, and located in prairies, for that purpose. 'The poor Indian,' who had sat down quietly in his wigwam to smoke the pipe of peace, and see his semi-civilization prosper around him—he, too, is admonished that the whites need his land to 'make room for their posterity.' He goes reluctantly to the distant west, half pleased with the idea of hunting grounds that will afford 'room for his posterity.' The posterity of the poor Indian!—poor, wandering, tapering cone—its broad base the whole soil of the new world, its point lost in some peninsula that fades away into the distant Pacific. The deep foundations which our aged men are laying for habitations yet to rise and the finished saloons and ornamented halls—what are these but 'room for posterity?'

We followed, only a few days since, into a richly ornamented burying ground, the body of one who, for years, had filled a large space in the public eye; and when they had lowered into the narrow resting and decaying place the coffin of the great man, and covered it partially with earth, our procession, turning to pass out, met

another, following a young maiden to her last great earthly home. As we passed the mourning throng, marshalled into a funeral train, one whom we had long known shook his head in mournful recognition, and seemed to say of our errands thither: we have come to 'make room for posterity.'

'Room at thy hearth, O mother,' said one of the sweetest poets of our time, as he started, full of filial affection, to place his new bride in a daughter's position. 'Room at thy hearth.' He came, and found ample room. The beloved one, the apostrophised mother, had passed away to 'make room for her posterity.'

All of us are crowding onward—all are passing away to 'make room for our posterity.' We are to be pressed close, like the gathered herbage, so that the whole harvest of our six thousand years will seem to occupy less space than the single generation that constitutes *their* posterity. Below the sod, we lie still and compact; the true equality of flesh and blood is understood and illustrated there, while above, ample space is demanded, and acres are required for a single living. The true democracy is in the grave: *there* the rich and the poor lie down together; that they may 'make room for their posterity.'

Even *we* who write, and moralize as we pass along, look back at the troop who demand our place, and feel that we too have the duty to perform and the debt to pay, and gathering up our mantle with decaying energies, we *hope* there is room for us where there are 'many mansions,' and in that hope we prepare, like our professional brother, to 'make room for posterity.'

[Contributed to the Boston Notion.]

DESPONDENCY AND YEARNING.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

I.

I pine for the free air and far dominion,
And weep to feel my spirit in the chain;
I chafe, as chafes the bird with broken pinion,
That once has scann'd alike the sky and main.

II.

I mourn that with an ever sleepless spirit,
Still seeking for the realm I may not win,
This loophole province I must still inherit,
As if the sin of others were my sin.

III.

Shall I not use the wing and with the morning,
Win the proud boon of spirit liberty;
Nor fettered thus, myself and nature scorning,
Turn sickening from the soil I still must see.

IV.

Alas! the day and night still blend together,—
No sooner does the eye behold the sun,
Than glooms the storm and comes the fearful weather,
Day shrinks away in clouds, Night rushes on!

V.

The soul too has its night, a perilous hour,—
The mind its madness, and the heart its pain,
Thorns still begird the fresh and scented flower,
And he who sings hath yet a song in vain.

VI.

He may not rest, with idiot satisfaction,
Beneath the cank'ring chain, the curse, the clay,
But longing for a wing of sleepless action,
Soar for the blessed clime, the enduring day.
Summerville, S. C. July 3, 1833.

THE DISEMBODIED SPIRIT.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

Author of "Southern Passages and Pictures," "Atalantes," "The Yemassee,"
 "Damsel of Darien," "Kinsmen," &c.

'Ah! whither strays the immortal mind.'—Byron.

I.

What checks the Eagle's wing—what dims his eye,
 Turned upward, to the sky?
 Doth the cloud cumber the ascending flight,
 Of that which is all light?
 Fruitless, indeed, were such a frail defence
 Against intelligence;
 And all in vain the chains of earth would bind
 The disembodied mind!

II.

Glorious and unrestrained on its way,
 It seeks the endless day;
 It drinks more deeply of the intenser air,
 That streams with being there;
 A thing of sense and sight, it early learns,
 And sees, adores, and burns;
 Claiming, with every breath from out the sky,
 Its own divinity.

III.

From world to world, from gathering star to star,
 Its flight is fast and far;
 As through an ordeal, it prepares in each
 Some higher form to reach;

From the small orb that lights the outer gate
 Of that all-nameless state,
 To that which burns before the eternal throne,
 Fearless, it hurries on.

IV.

Dread mystery, that, to the mortal sight
 Seems all one shapless night.
 Wild with unbidden clouds, that flickering haste
 Still o'er a pathless waste.
 Without ~~one~~ intellectual planet's ray,
 To yield a partial day;—
 Will death reveal the truth to sons of men,
 Shall we explore you then?

V.

I would not be the creature of the clay,
 Moulding with Time away,
 Nor hold, for my soul's hope, that awful thought,
 That death is all, life nought!—
 That all this soaring mind, this high desire
 Still, upward, to aspire,
 Is but the yearning of some painted thing,
 That would not lose its wing.
 Charleston, S. C.

INFANCY.

An infant requires a secretion afforded by another's system, and requires this to be brought to it; it requires others to keep it warm, to protect it from injury, to keep it clean, and to tend it in every way: and I suspect, for reasons which I shall hereafter give, that a living influence was communicated to it in utero, by the maternal fluids which entered into its system, and by the surrounding body of its mother in whom it lay, and that, after birth, a living influence is communicated of the highest importance in the milk poured into its system directly from its mother's breast without the intervention of a moment for this to lose its vital properties, and by the contact of the mother when it is lying in her bosom. Not only do children generally die which are fed with milk that has stood in vessels after having been taken from the breast of a brute, and with vegetable matter, whatever care be taken of them; but chickens which are hatched and afterwards kept warm artificially, though their food is the same, and the utmost care be bestowed upon them, acquire size and vigor more slowly than those which have the benefit of the hen's nursing, and therefore the contact of her body. There was an old idea that animal heat was different from com-

mon heat. The moderns argue that caloric is always caloric, and that therefore the wisdom of our ancestors in this matter was folly. But though caloric is always caloric, it does not follow that with it some other principle may not co-exist in animals and be communicated. I know a clergyman in Essex who has severe pains in his legs relieved by no other friction than with the hand of another, nor by any other warmth than that communicated to his lower extremities when sitting between two persons, as in a coach, in which he was struck with the discovery. The aged David had good reason on his side, when he had a young virgin to lie in his bosom. The communicator of course looses in proportion, and therefore Dr. Copeland declares he has frequently known children become weak and pale from sleeping with the aged. The greatest foe of the church, therefore, cannot doubt the propriety of its order that a man shall not marry his grandmother. While a woman can bear children, she is in the prime of life, and therefore not in a state to derive vigor from her infant, but to impart vigor to it. If old women bred, their nursing as mothers would probably be deleterious.—*Elliotson's Human Physiology.*